

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

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No. 464—Vol. IV.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

WAR has once more commenced in Europe; and, though there is still some pretence that the invasion of Schleswig is, in fact, a peaceful measure, which the Germans will not allow to become more bloody than the dictates of justice and the obstinacy of the Danes oblige, we find little comfort in that. War is fire; and, once begun, is sure to consume more than it was kindled for—sometimes even the intentions of those who applied the spark. Unless the new campaign is stopped we shall see, before long, how little there is in all the proclamations and protocolling just concluded, and how much of unreasoning hate and ambition lies at the bottom. Moderation, occupation for judicial purposes, and so forth, are necessary things with which to set out in such a war; but after a battle or two we shall hear of nothing but the "rights of conquest," which abolish all obligation: the quarrel will have to be settled according to those rights, which come of brute force only, and not always of justice, by any means.

At present, however, it is the invader who has got the worst of it. What news may arrive before this sheet falls into the reader's hands (and so fleet is intelligence nowadays that we in London may have news of Danish victories or disasters before the smoke has rolled from the field) it is of course impossible to say; but our first news is that the Germans have been beaten. Their advance was victorious

enough—up to a certain point. The Danes fell back from little outposts here and there after a few shots for defiance; but when their enemies proceeded to attack the Danish position at Missunde on the Schlei, the aspect of affairs changed. Here there was no advancing or retreating, but close fighting for six hours, at the end of which time the Prussians were repulsed. If it be true that the Danes regained their outposts before Missunde we may rely upon it their success was complete. Next day the Austrians tried their hand at Bustorf, near the town of Schleswig; and at nightfall the Danes "held their ground."

These, however, are not very significant affairs; their only importance, at present, lies in the encouragement there is to those who can claim "first blood," and in the proof that the Danes are stronger than their enemies supposed them to be. The capture of Missunde appears to be a great point in the German plans. We learn that it is the business of the Prussians to force a passage over the Schlei at this place, and so "cut off the Danes from the sea, while the Austrians engage them at the centre. It is thought that if this plan succeeds the Danish army is lost." The natural conclusion is, then, that so important and decisive an operation would not be attempted without a force supposed to be fully adequate to complete it at a blow; for experience teaches that, unless such plans are carried out by a single coup, they are not easily accomplished

at all. And the attempt does seem to have been of a determinate character. "Troops of all arms engaged, more especially artillery;" but they failed. The calculations of the Prussian commander were at fault. His troops of all arms were not strong enough for the business proposed for them; and he must amend his arithmetic obviously, if the Danes are to be cut off from the sea.

But our sympathy with Denmark must not mislead us too far into the faith that she will conquer her adversaries. If her defences are strong, her army is weak; and the only result of any considerable victory would be, that the forces of her enemies would be doubled immediately. It is very unlikely that the Danes, with all their bravery and all the advantages of position, will be able to keep out an army of a hundred thousand men—a force which Germany could easily spare, and which we may be quite sure will soon be accumulated on the Danish frontier should Missunde continue to prove obstinate. It is all a question of time or of European interference. Left to fight their own battle, the Danes must give in sooner or later; and their submission becomes all the more a sad thing to contemplate the more we know of the conduct of the German Powers throughout the quarrel. We say above "there is still some pretence that the invasion of Schleswig is a peaceful measure;" but we flatter the Germans by crediting them with any pretext at all. According to the *Times*, the British



ATTACK BY LIONS ON AN ASSISTANT KEEPER AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Government a few days since made to the two German Powers a proposition which deprived them of every possible ground for hostilities. Denmark had promised to comply with the demands of those Powers as soon as it could be done constitutionally; but they refused to trust the King's word, affected to think that Denmark only wished to gain time to mature her defences, and therefore "England offered to guarantee the fulfilment of the required conditions, and to embody the German principles as to the government of Schleswig-Holstein, in a protocol to be signed by the signatories of the Treaty of 1852." Nothing more than this could possibly be done; but the concession of all they demanded was not enough to satisfy the Germans—Princes or people. Settlement of the dispute by treaty rights and honest obligations does not fulfil their ideas; they must have those "rights of conquest" aforesaid, because then they will be able to take Schleswig from Denmark altogether and give it to that favoured Prince, Frederick of Augustenburg.

This being the state of the case too obviously, we are a little impatient to learn what further part our own Government means to take. To leave the matter as it appears to us to be quite out of the question. We have had enough of the pedantic and abortive show of interposition "on principle," which Prince Gortschakoff turned to ridicule; and if we are to take any part in European politics at all, it must be as a Power that can strike on occasion as well as meddle and mend with fine talk. Already we see the effect of Earl Russell's melancholy despatches. Germany is convinced that, however the noble Lord may threaten he will never fight; and, of course, as his threats have no weight, it is not surprising that his counsels are disregarded. But this is not exactly the position which England ought to occupy. It will not do to have our Ministers running about Europe crying that treaties must be observed and justice done, and then stand idly to see themselves answered by a wanton and outrageous war.

ATTACK OF LIONS ON THEIR KEEPER AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

For some time past there has been an equestrian troop performing in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, part of the entertainment consisting of the performances of a couple of lions. Everything went on smoothly enough till the forenoon of the 28th ult., when a very shocking scene occurred. About ten o'clock on that day, in addition to the sudden roaring of the lions, loud screams were heard proceeding from the direction in which the animals are kept in their caravan during the intervals of the performances. A man named Thomas Reeves, who had only two or three days previously commenced his duties as keeper and feeder of the animals, was found drawn up close to the cage. Some of the employees seized the long iron rods with a species of hoe at the end by which the cage is cleansed, and rushed to the spot. It was then discovered that one of the large lions had the man's right hand in his mouth, whilst another had seized him by the thick part of the fore-arm, and had dragged the limb through the bars of the cage nearly up to the armpit. Having no hot irons the men at once set to work belabouring the animals over the skulls and eyes in order to make them let go their hold. These proceedings at the outset only tended to increase the ferocity of the animals, who, amidst loud roars, commenced tearing the flesh from their victim's arm and hand with their claws. It was not until the brutes were nearly blinded with the blows inflicted upon their eyes that they were induced to relinquish their gripe, when the poor fellow's mangled limb was drawn through the bars, but with some difficulty, and he fell fainting into the arms of those who had rescued him from his horrible position. He was at once conveyed to the secretary's office, in Bedford-street, in an insensible condition, and covered with blood. Dr. Thomas, of Cloudeley-street, and another medical gentleman in the neighbourhood, were sent for, and attended in a few minutes, and, in consequence of Reeves's exhausted state, administered brandy and other stimulants. It was then discovered that the hand was bitten completely through, and the flesh torn off the arm in some parts to the bare bone. The mutilated limb was wrapped in bandages, and the sufferer placed in a cab and taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where, on examination by the surgeons, it was found that amputation would be necessary. At the time of the occurrence he was engaged in pushing some straw between the bars, either for the purpose of keeping it in the cage or of attracting the attention of the animals and further familiarising himself to them. Whilst doing this one lion suddenly made a spring upon his hand, and, fastening its fangs into it, drew him by the arm inward. The roar and excitement of the first animal attracting the attention of the second, it sprang upon the arm and mutilated it in the manner described. It is stated that the lions have been more than usually savage since the death of a female companion, which took place during the late frost.

THE DANISH NAVY.—The navy of Denmark consisted, in September 1852, of 19 sailing vessels with 704 guns, and 28 steamers with 340 guns. Twenty of the steamers were screws, one a ship of the line with 64 30-pounders, two frigates with 42, and one with 44, four were armour-coated schooners with (together) 32 50-pounders. There were also 50 paddle-wheel steam gun-boats with about 100 guns, but some of them are said not to be seaworthy; and the same remark applies to the eight larger paddle-wheel steamers included in the list of 28 steam-vessels. There was a vote in 1852 of £194,000 for converting some of the sailing-vessels into steamers. The navy was manned in September, 1852, by very nearly 2000 men; officered by a Vice-Admiral, a Rear-Admiral, 26 Captains, 23 Commanders, and 83 First-Lieutenants.

DISTURBANCES AT BETHLEHEM.—The Paris *Monde* publishes, on the authority of two letters from its correspondent in the Holy Land, the following account of deplorable scenes of violence and disorder which occurred at Bethlehem on Christmas Day, caused, according to the writer, by the fanaticism of the Greek Christians against the Latins:—"According to the usual practice, the Latin Patriarch and his clergy assembled about noon on Dec. 24, at the Patriarchal Seminary of Beit-Djela, and went thence in grand procession, accompanied by an immense crowd, to the church of St. Mary ad Praspe, or, rather, of St. Helena, through which the Latins have only a disputed right of passage to the small church of St. Catherine, where the vesper service for Christmas Eve was solemnly chanted. Afterwards came the night service, celebrated pontifically by the Patriarch, assisted by his clergy. After the midnight mass the Patriarch, bearing a cradle supposed to contain the infant Jesus, went in solemn procession to the Grotto of the Nativity, and deposited the cradle on the stone which marks the very spot where the Saviour was born. The 'Gloria in excelsis' and the 'Te Deum' were next sung. Masses were then said at the altar of the Magi until the time appointed for the Greeks to enter the Grotto and chant their liturgy; after which the Latin masses were again resumed, and continued during the morning. At half-past eleven, while a Franciscan monk was engaged in celebrating mass, the superior of the Greek convent entered the Grotto and complained of the Latins keeping possession of the altar so long. A Latin monk having refused to allow him to advance until the conclusion of the service, the Superior rushed into the church of St. Helena belonging to the Greeks, ordered the bells to be rung, and called on his co-religionists to drive out the Latins. He was heard to exclaim, 'Kill four or five of those dogs; we will hold you blameless!' A fierce conflict then ensued between the Latins and the Greeks in the choir of the church of St. Helena, in spite of all the efforts of the Latin Patriarch to prevent such a scandalous scene. At last, however, the Mussulman Mulazim of Bethlehem arrived with an armed force, and soon got the mastery of the Greeks, though they resisted violently at first. Two Latin monks were slightly wounded in the fray. Four of the Greek party were also wounded, and among them the superior of the convent, who had been the cause of the conflict. In the evening twenty-five Baschi-Bazouks were sent to Bethlehem by the Pacha of Jerusalem, accompanied by three officials, empowered to hold an inquiry into the affair, and bring the guilty parties to justice."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor Napoleon on Monday received the deputation from the Corps Législatif with the address in answer to the Speech from the Throne. In reply his Majesty remarked on the prolonged debates on the address, but said they had not been useless, as the result had been to reduce into nothing accusations which had been skillfully prepared. His Majesty complimented the majority on their faithfulness to his Government, pointed out the ill effects of restlessness and constant change in the system of government, recommended the prudent awaiting, from agreement and from time, such ameliorations as are possible, and warned them against compromising the present good by the delusive hope of a chimerical future.

The official report of the subscriptions to the new loan has been issued. It appears that 542,061 persons (131,105 of whom reside in Paris) have subscribed for 219,321,536*l.* of rentes. The irreducible subscriptions for 6*l.* rente amount to 2,409,366*l.* Persons having subscribed for sums of from 10*l.* to 120*l.* will have 6*l.* rente allotted them. For subscribers for other amounts the allotment will be made at the rate of 5*l.* 2*l.* for every 100*l.* subscribed.

BELGIUM.

All the public men called upon by the King to form a new Ministry having declined, the resigning Ministry will reassume their portfolios. This fact has not yet been officially announced, but it is generally considered as certain.

AUSTRIA.

In the sitting of the Lower House of the Reichsrath on Monday, the sum of 54 million florins was voted for the Austrian proportion of the expenses of federal execution in Holstein, instead of the 10 millions demanded by the Government. A resolution brought forward by the Opposition a short time back censuring the course pursued by the Government, and stating that Austria has no interest in Schleswig-Holstein and that her action should be subordinate to the policy of the Federal Diet, was rejected by 103 against 59 votes.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

Matters remain much in the same state in Poland. Occasional encounters, with varying success, take place, but no movements of great importance are possible till milder weather sets in. Great preparations are being made, however, it is said, to carry on and extend the insurrection in the spring. Meantime advices from Warsaw state that a cavalry detachment of insurgents had been seen at Jablouna, four miles from the metropolis. Two engagements have lately occurred in the government of Radom—the first at Staszow, not far from Sandomir; the second at Ila. The insurgents were led by Bosak, whom the Russians have failed to surround and destroy, as they had been attempting to do. A story that the Russians had discovered traces of the National Government in Warsaw has been reduced to rather slender dimensions. A boy was arrested, having in his possession fourteen copies of a notice from the Town Captain advising persons not to be present at a ball of General Ritkowski. A piece of paper was also found on the boy, on which were written fourteen initials, probably of the names of persons for whom the notices were intended. After being bastinadoed, the boy confessed the full names of these persons, who were thereupon arrested.

MEXICO.

Letters from Guadalajara to the 6th ult. state that the French occupied La Potolin without opposition on the 4th. The Mexican General Negrete had been disastrously repulsed in an attempt to retake San Luis de Potosi. Uruga, with 8000 Mexicans, was preparing to make a stand in mountain defiles near Bolima. Juarez was reported at Zacatecas, where Doblado was concentrating his forces.

INDIA.

Sir John Lawrence, the new Viceroy of India, arrived at Calcutta on the 12th ult.

The war on the frontier was at an end, and the force employed against the hill tribes has been broken up.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have intelligence from New York to the 23rd ult., but it is not of much importance. The main bodies of the respective armies were motionless, and the only activity displayed was by the raids of light cavalry. The weather was so severe that no important movement was likely for the present, but both sides were making the most extensive preparations for serious and effective operations in the spring. It is said that the Federals intend to make a double movement on Richmond. The Federals bombarded Charleston for four days, from the 10th to the 14th ult., and the firing was going on when the last reports left. Much mischief to property had resulted, but no injury to life or person. The Federals were preparing to meet the anticipated attack by the Confederate ironclads. General Longstreet was said to be again advancing on Knoxville, having been reinforced from Lee's army.

Many deaths weekly occur in the Federal hospitals at Chattanooga. Steamers from New Orleans on the 16th report that the Federal expedition to the Matagorda Peninsula, Texas, on the 30th of December, after effecting a landing, was driven back by a superior Confederate force, and only escaped capture through the protection of the gun-boat Granite State. The Confederate vessel J. F. Carr, which participated in the engagement, grounded, and was destroyed by her crew to prevent capture. A reconnaissance of the Texan coast by the Federal gun-boat Sciota has discovered strong Confederate batteries at Valasco and Quintana, near the Brazos River.

New Orleans letters to the 16th state that the Federals have abandoned the Tchou country and returned east of Berwick's Bay.

The Maryland Legislature had rejected a resolution nominating Mr. Lincoln for the next presidency. The diplomatic correspondence between Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams had been published. Mr. Seward maintains that the English Government are responsible for the acts of the Alabama and other privateers.

A number of articles have been published in the New York journals depreciating the swiftness of the new steamers of the Federal navy. Secretary Welles has challenged the whole steam marine of New York, of whatever nationality, to a trial of speed with the gun-boat Entaw. The owner of the Federal merchant-steamers G. T. Olyphant has accepted the challenge, offering to run steamer for steamer. No day had been appointed for the test.

THE DANISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—A letter from Flensburg gives the following account of the Danish General:—"With the General in command I have the honour to be well acquainted, having frequently dined at his house. He is a tried soldier, and was the hero of the greatest battle (Istod) which the Danes fought during the war of 1848-51. This General is a character; his coolness is extraordinary. During the heat of the fight to which I have alluded his white kid gloves were bespattered with blood; he quietly drew them off, threw them away, took another pair from his pocket and put them on as though nothing had happened. He is also a good linguist, speaking perfectly some eight languages, and is, moreover, a composer. He has dedicated one composition to my wife. He was the right-hand friend of the late, and an intimate one of the present, King."

FRENCH KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH NOTABILITIES.—The *Opinion Nationale* publishes the world's obituary for 1853, and informs its readers that England has lost, among other worthies—"Maurice Lansdowne, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, President of the Cabinet, and of the Privy Council;" "Sir Tatton Syke;" "Sir George Cornwall Lewis;" and the poet and composer, Ch. Glow, author of "Jeannette and Jeannot." In addition to those losses, we have to deplore the death—according to the *Opinion*—of "Augustus Leopold Ileg," a distinguished painter. The two last names are incomparably ingenious transformations of Charles Glover and Augustus Egg.

SIGNOR PASOLINI, an agent of the Italian Government who lately visited London and Paris, is said to have been commissioned to obtain the consent of the French and English Cabinets to a declaration of war by Italy against Austria. Signor Pasolini, however, has completely failed in his mission.

THE ENTIRE SPECIE PRODUCT of the Pacific slope for 1853 is probably ahead of the previous year from ten per cent in gold to twenty per cent in silver, and a further increase is looked for in 1854.

WAR BETWEEN GERMANY AND DENMARK.

COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

In defiance of the remonstrances of the British Government, Austria and Prussia have entered on a war with Denmark. The Austro-Prussian forces, at an early hour on Monday morning, crossed the Eider into Schleswig, and passed on to the Kronenwerk, which the Danes evacuated after firing a few shots. The Danes withdrew behind the line of the Sorge, after having blown up the bridge and destroyed the railway. The Prussians marched upon Missunde, with the view of cutting off the Danes from the sea, while the Austrians were to attack the centre. The Prussians advanced against Ekeknörde on Monday forenoon, and their outposts in the course of the afternoon were pushed towards the Sorge and Bistensa. The Danes fell back and took up a position on the Schlei, and occupied the works near Missunde, and were followed by the Prussians. An engagement ensued which lasted six hours, during which time the assailants made two attacks upon the Danish works in vain. The Prussians employed seventy-four guns in the attack. Foiled at last, they retired to Ekeknörde, having lost about 150 in killed and wounded. They took some prisoners, who were at once dispatched to Rendsburg. The Danish loss was from 150 to 200, including three officers killed and four wounded. The Prussians are said to have, up to the date of the latest account, sustained a loss of between 200 and 300. At Brekendorf, considerably inland and to the west of Ekeknörde, the Austro-Prussians had an affair of outposts, which, however, was quite unimportant. The Austrians attacked the positions of Bustorf, one English mile south of Schleswig, on Wednesday. The Danes held their ground. There was sharp firing until after dark. No casualties are known. The Danes lost one field-piece. The Prussians appear determined to continue the attack upon Missunde—a point of great importance, as it is at the very narrowest part of the Schlei. They were on Wednesday bringing heavy artillery to the front, and making other preparations for a renewed attempt.

The King and the Crown Prince of Denmark, accompanied by Bishop Monrad, arrived in Flensburg on the 2nd, and immediately left for the Dannewerk. His Majesty visited the outposts during the engagement with the Austrians on Wednesday. The advanced portion of the Prussian army engaged at Missunde are under the command of Prince Frederick Charles, who expresses a belief that the Danes will offer a determined resistance to the movements of the German army. The Prince of Prussia is also present in the army.

A report prevails in Paris that the Prussian and Austrian Ambassadors have assured M. Drouyn de Lhuys that Prussia and Austria do not intend to attack the integrity of the Danish monarchy, but only desire to compel Denmark to carry out her engagements of 1851. On the other hand, the correspondent of one of our daily contemporaries telegrams from Paris as follows:—"I learn from a source on which I can rely that a secret treaty between Austria and Prussia secures to Prussia the annexation of Holstein and the other parts detached from Denmark."

BRITISH POLICY.

It is now known that the British Government a few days since made to the two German Powers a proposition which deprived them of every possible ground for hostilities. Austria and Prussia took up arms to obtain the repeal of the November Constitution and the fulfilment of the engagements of 1852. Denmark, at the instances of friendly States, promised to comply as soon as the proper forms could be gone through; and the King gave a proof of his sincerity by convoking the Rigsgaad even when the allies were on the point of passing the Eider. As, however, they refused to trust the Royal word, and affected to think that Denmark only wished to gain time, England offered to guarantee the fulfilment of the required conditions, and to embody the German principles as to the government of Schleswig-Holstein in a protocol to be signed by the signatories of the Treaty of 1852.—*Times*.

THE DANES RETIRING FROM THE PRINCIPAL CORPS DE GARDE AT ALTONA.

On the morning of the 24th of December the assembled population of Altona eagerly awaited the moment when they should see the Danes retire from their city. To witness this gratifying spectacle crowds had congregated in front of the Corps de Garde, on the Rathausmarkt. The Saxon Brigade, "Kronprinz," from Hamburg, was fast approaching Altona, and the music of the band was already audible at the Mülenthör, but the Captain whom Colonel Scharffenberg had left in command of the troops at the guardhouse evinced no inclination to retire. He gave it unequivocally to be understood that he expected the Saxons would formally relieve his men as soldiers relieve their comrades on guard. The affair was, however, managed in a very different way.

Suddenly a carriage drew up in front of the guardhouse, and out of the carriage-window leaned a man of stalwart figure. In a stentorian voice he called to the officer commanding the Guards, "Do you mean to drive matters to an extremity? Order your troops out immediately."

The dismayed Captain immediately obeyed and speedily marched out at the head of his men, to the great satisfaction of the assembled spectators. In another moment the blue, red, and white flags of Schleswig-Holstein were seen fluttering from every window, amidst shouts for Duke Frederick and the duchies. The national song of "Seagirt Schleswig-Holstein" now resounded on every side, superceding the strains of the "Tappern Lansoldat," with which the Danes had hitherto irritated the inhabitants of Altona.

The man in the carriage, who thundered out the above energetic summons to the Danes, was the Saxon Commissioner for Holstein and Lauenburg, the Privy Councillor von Könnertitz.

KIEL.

The town of Kiel, always the most busy and important place in the duchy of Holstein, has come to be regarded as one of the most interesting spots in Europe. Situated on the Baltic, and possessing a fine and well-sheltered harbour, Kiel also has the advantage of communication, by means of the Schleswig and Holstein Canal and by railway, with Copenhagen, the Danish islands, and Hamburg. Kiel, indeed, may be said to join Denmark to the rest of Europe, though there is but one line of railway, which goes southward to Altona and Hamburg, meeting, at Neumünster junction, a short hour's journey, the line which leads from Altona to Rendsburg. From Rendsburg the line proceeds northward to Klesterkro, where it again splits into two branches, of which one soon ends at Schleswig, the other striking off to the westward—to Oersted, Husum, and Tönning. At Oersted another line goes northward to Flensburg, the utmost limit reached hitherto by the railway in this peninsula.

Kiel, as the seat of the Holstein Government, has for some time past been the headquarters of Duke Frederick of Augustenburg, and the inhabitants of the town have, during his abode amongst them, manifested the utmost enthusiasm for his cause. During his residence at Kiel the Duke must have had all his princely qualifications put to a pretty severe test, if it were only in the constant reception of deputations which have waited on him from various parts of Holland, from Holstein, and even from Schleswig. It has frequently happened that he has been compelled to receive these earnest adherents twice a day; and, if a constant succession of such meetings could have gained his cause, the difficulty would have been surmounted long ago.

The excitement at Kiel has been growing for weeks past since it was felt that a conflict was inevitable. Volunteers were secretly enrolled, and the federal commissioners thought it necessary to issue an order forbidding Wehr-Vereine, or societies for collecting arms. In spite of these prohibitions, however, the young men contrived to obtain firearms, and met for exercise. Meanwhile the Holstein colours, of red, white, and blue, decorated the whole town; and the inhabitants wore them, as a sort of patriotic badge, in the shape of ribbon, scarf, or necktie. All this demonstration, however, was followed by the intimation that the Prussian troops were approaching in order to take up their quarters at Kiel—16,000 of them in the town and its neighbourhood—and that Prince Frederick

Charles of Prussia would reside at the schloss or palace—a huge, square, white, massive, but inelegant building, with slender round turrets on two of its sides—which lies pleasantly enough by the water side at the north-east end of the town; the only real palace in the place, in fact, and lately the residence of the Duke of Glücksburg.

On the approach of the Prussians and Austrians the last of the troops of the confederacy left Kiel, and the Prussian vanguard marched in on the following morning, removing the German flag from the guardhouse and rearing the Prussian colours in its place. They also demanded the withdrawal of Duke Frederick's citizen guard, threatening to employ force in case of non-compliance. The guard then dispersed by desire of the Duke.

Curiously enough, after the withdrawal of the Saxon troops and before the arrival of the Prussians, Kiel was for a single night without soldiers. Still, for a Sunday evening, the town presented a strange sight for English eyes. On passing along the harbour—that harbour which the fatherland so ardently desires to possess—the young Kielers of both sexes might be seen diverting themselves by being driven, or rather pushed, along on the ice in small rude sledges consisting of only a flat piece of wood and a seat. At the theatre a five-act tragedy, the story of which was apropos of the Danish question, was being performed, and there, as in every other place, the Schleswig-Holstein flag was gaily flying. Order was kept in the streets by the service of the voluntary fire-brigade, and there was no attempt at disturbance, except the perpetual singing of the Schleswig-Holstein hymn by the boys of the town.

On the entry of the Prussians the following day, however, there was great public dissatisfaction, especially at the removal of the flag. Little knots of people were collected all along the street, complaining most bitterly of this open declaration to the Holsteiners that the Prussians had not come to help the cause of Germany, for in this light the Holsteiners look upon the proceeding. Then came the demand for the dissolution of the Duke's guard, it being against the military law of Prussia that citizens should carry arms in the streets. This again gave great offence to the Holsteiners, and they looked upon the demand as unjust, because Prussia promised the confederation merely to pass through Holstein to Schleswig, leaving things in the state in which they were under the federal commissioners. The guard of honour in question had been spontaneously organised by those who had been companions in arms of Duke Frederick in 1848, and had voluntarily imposed on themselves the duty of keeping watch over his safety.

There was little time for parley, however; for on the night of January 30 the general alarm sounded through Kiel, and by the morning (Feb. 1) the army had marched out. Two Austrian regiments had crossed the railway bridge at Rendsburg, and, after the interchange of a few shots, which seem to have hurt nobody, the Danes retired from the Kronenwerk before the advance of the superior force, who were soon supported by the Prussians, some regiments of whom entered Eckenforde the same day, the Danish ships lying off that place having exchanged some shots with them before sailing away.

It is due to the people of Kiel to say that their reception of the second body of Prussians which marched into their town was more cordial than that which greeted the first regiments. The belief that the Crown Prince of Prussia would arrive with them had something to do with this change.

The way in which the troops were welcomed, however, pretty clearly indicated the state of feeling amongst the inhabitants. The houses, it is true, were covered with national flags; but this might even be taken more as an admonition than a welcome; and, although the streets were crowded and every window filled, not a single voice was raised to welcome the glittering masses of helmeted warriors as they advanced into the town, cheered only by their own music. It was, notwithstanding, a splendid and somewhat stirring sight to see the troops on the road just before they entered Kiel, stretched out in one long line, their helmets and bayonets glittering in the brilliant sunshine, for which the day was remarkable. Nature, at least, seemed to smile on them; for a beautifully clear blue sky, a refreshingly cold breeze, and just sufficient frost to make the road firm and clean, must have rendered their march a pleasant one.

ROYAL RELATIONSHIPS AND FOREIGN POLITICS.

OUR Royal Family is connected by marriage or blood with nearly every one of the parties on both sides concerned in the "Schleswig-Holstein Complication," as it is the fashion to call the quarrel now being fought out in the Jutland Peninsula.

The Prince of Wales, as every one knows, is married to the daughter of the King of Denmark, one of the parties to this German contest. His eldest sister, the Princess Royal, is married to the Prince Royal of Prussia, one of the parties opposed to the King of Denmark. His second sister, Princess Alice, is married to Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, whose mother is a Princess of Prussia, and whose brother is an officer in the Prussian army.

These are direct relationships; but there are others scarcely less so with which the public are not so well acquainted.

Prince Frederick of Augustenburg—the Duke of Augustenburg, as he is generally called, although that title properly belongs to his father—is a very close connection of our Royal family, and is much better known to the Court than to the people of these realms. It will be remembered that when the mother of Queen Victoria married his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent she was a widow. She was first married, in the year 1803, to Prince Emich Charles of Leiningen, who died July 4, 1814. By this marriage the Duchess of Kent had one son, born 1804; and one daughter, born 1806, who were, consequently, half-brother and half-sister of the Queen.

The Queen's half-brother, Charles, Prince of Leiningen, died 1856, and was succeeded by his son, Prince Ernest of Leiningen, nephew of the Queen, who is a Captain in the Royal Navy of Great Britain.

The half sister of the Queen, the Princess Anne Feodorovna of Leiningen, married, in 1828, Ernest Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. He died in 1860, leaving a widow and five children, the latter nephews and nieces of the Queen. Of these children, the third son, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, who took the name of "Count de Gleichen" on his marriage with a daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour, is a Captain in our Royal Navy. His next sister, Princess Adelaide Victoria of Hohenlohe (born 1835), married, in 1856, "Frederick Christian Augustus, Prince Hereditary of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg," the Pretender to the sovereignty of the imaginary State of Schleswig-Holstein, who is by his marriage the Queen's nephew.

Besides these relationships of our Royal family with the contending parties there are others less immediate. King Leopold of Belgium is the Queen's uncle. His eldest son and heir, the Duke de Brabant, is married to an Archduchess of Austria; and his daughter, Princess Charlotte, is married to the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, another party to the contest. Besides these connections the Duchess of Cambridge, who was a Princess of Hesse-Cassel, is an aunt of the Queen of Denmark, who was also a Princess of Hesse-Cassel.

COMPLETION OF HUMBOLDT'S "COSMOS."—The fifth and concluding volume of Humboldt's "Cosmos" has appeared. It is in two divisions, and contains three more chapters by the master's own hand—viz., the introduction to this part and two sections on geological phenomena. It further contains astronomical essays by E. Bruhns, Sabine; and an exhaustive index, by Professor Buschmann, to the whole of the work. Professor Buschmann was the only man who could undertake this labour in Humboldt's manner, for he alone knows the "Cosmos" almost as well as the author himself. "No leaf of the 'Cosmos' has appeared," Humboldt says in the introduction, "which has not been submitted, both in MS. and in print, to the scrutinizing eyes of Professor Buschmann." The other subjects of which the author wished further to treat in this volume—such as the form of the continents, the sea, air, plants, animals, and man—have been considered already in the first volume, and all that is wanting is the more detailed investigations of the illustrious author on this point.

JOHN WOOD, a private in the Royal Marines, was tried by court-martial, at Chatham, for striking an officer, destroying his clothing, and insubordination. He was escorted into the court only partially clothed, and using bad language. He said his judges were a set of curs, and became so unruly that he had to be fastened with ropes and laid on the floor during the trial.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE IN CHILI.

TWO THOUSAND WOMEN BURNED TO DEATH.

A TERRIBLE calamity has befallen the city of Santiago, the capital of Chili, South America. On the evening of the 8th of December the church of La Compania was densely crowded on the occasion of a great religious festival. Most of the congregation were ladies. The church was hung with light drapery and brilliantly illuminated. From some accidental cause the drapery took fire, and in a few minutes the building was in flames. The congregation crowded to the door to get out, but were for the most part unable to do so—owing partly, it is said, to the priests having caused the door to be shut. However that may be, a terrible scene ensued. Fire rained down upon the unfortunate women, and in fifteen minutes upwards of 2000 of them were burnt to death or suffocated. Recognition of the corpses was impossible, and they were buried in a common grave. A correspondent, writing immediately after the event, thus describes the occurrence:—

People in a country like England can form no idea of the extent to which religious zeal and fanaticism are carried in the Spanish-American Republics; and Chili, although, perhaps, the most enlightened in this respect, still retains unrepented a clause in her Constitution prohibiting the exercise of any but the Catholic religion. In Chili there are two Protestant places of worship, both in Valparaiso, and these are only suffered to exist by the authorities pretending to recognise them as private dwellings, and their entrance doors are numbered accordingly, like the remainder of the town. In Santiago, the capital, the Protestant population is too small probably to support a place of worship, but it is very doubtful whether in such a case it would be permitted to remain, as the capital swarms with a Catholic clergy entirely opposed to any such innovation, and whose ranks, being continually recruited from the inferior French, Spanish, and Italian priests, include some of the most bigoted and uncompromising examples of the priesthood. Men soured by disappointment in Europe, and having witnessed the gradual decay of their power and influence, come hither as to a last refuge, and seek to re-establish their waning power over the ignorant and superstitious. Hence we find each vessel arriving from Catholic France bringing priests, monks, friars, or Sisters of Charity, and the numbers altogether of ecclesiastics in Santiago is at this time computed to be about 5000 in a population of 200,000—one priest for every forty souls.

The men are by no means uniform in their attendance at church, and it would almost seem as if only on their reaching a certain age they became sufficiently devout to attend more than occasionally. The young men seem, on the other hand, to content themselves with surrounding the church doors to watch the congregation as it pours out after service at the fashionable places of worship; and if the male portion of the community do enter they generally remain near the door, while the women spread their little church mats which they bring with them and kneel upon the paved floor in the centre or nave of the church. There are no seats in the churches, and the women remain kneeling, or perhaps rather squatting, upon the ground, during the entire service, surrounded by the men, who stand in the side aisles or near the door.

The churches of Santiago are more remarkable for their number and size than for any architectural pretensions they possess. The generality of them are incomplete as respects towers, spires, or external decoration; but they are almost all very spacious, and being without gallery accommodation the whole of the congregation have to be provided with space upon the floor.

On extraordinary occasions these churches are thrown completely open, and the high altar is one blaze of light from multitudes of candles and lamps, while the choir—or, rather, the orchestra, for it is usually composed of the same band and chorus as the opera—perform the most elaborate music of the great composers to a mass of wondering and dazzled enthusiasts, who cram the entire space within the walls while high mass is being performed, and who listen afterwards to an exciting sermon which is delivered by some ranting fanatic selected especially for the occasion.

It has become here the custom to hold some of the principal of these church festivals in the evenings, for the purpose, I presume, of adding to the effect of the illuminations; and the different churches compete with each other which shall present the most brilliant and attractive display. Crowds of willing admirers of these shows flock to the attraction like moths to a candle, and, alas! too like the ignorant insect, unconscious of the risk undergone and of the fate which they may chance to share; yet mothers, wives, and daughters press gladly to the scene, taking their friends, children, nurses, and servants, and frequently their entire households, that none may miss the holy rapture they are taught from infancy to experience on such occasions, and hurry to enter the holy place in good time, so as to secure advantageous places at the show.

Such particulars as the above being mentioned, I must now proceed to describe perhaps the most heartrending catastrophe which ever befell, in modern times, a horror-struck community.

The night of the 8th of December has descended upon the capital of Chili, after a brilliant day. The stars have just begun to shine out brightly, but there is no moon. There is no want of light, however, in the Plaza of the Campana, the old Jesuit Church of Santiago, for from the lofty doors of this, one of the largest churches of the city, streams forth upon the surrounding crowd of those unable to find room within a blaze of light which reaches across the small paved square, and falls upon the front of the Chamber of Representatives on the opposite side. It has just struck seven, and those in attendance within the church are just completing the ignition of the 20,000 lights said to have been prepared for this particular occasion—the feast of the Holy Virgin. The church is said to be crammed to suffocation, and it is of no use trying to obtain admission, for many already desirous to attend have turned away disappointed from the doors. More than 2500 people are in the church, however, chiefly women, who have been kneeling hours already, many of them, and these are all in the nave of the church, surrounded by a considerable number of men. The doors of the building are all wide open, and there is a crowd at each, looking in upon the congregation and the lights, which are burning in countless numbers at the other end of the church. In the midst of the high altar is the figure of the Virgin, magnificently arrayed; under her feet is an illuminated crescent, like that in the celebrated picture by Murillo in the Louvre. High up and all around, reaching up to the roof of the church, over which is a lofty dome, are myriads of sparkling lights already burning, and the attendants are just occupied in lighting the camphine lamps which are to illuminate the crescent at the Virgin's feet.

Hark! What is that cry of alarm within? Why do these people at the doors surge backwards with excitement? And why is there a movement of agitation in the church, increasing rapidly? Fire! Yes; the camphine-lamps at the Virgin's feet have ignited some drapery, and it is spreading, in spite of the frantic attempts to extinguish it. Once before, last year, this is said to have occurred, but the fire was subdued. But now the light in the little square grows brighter every moment; the cries of alarm increase until they swell into a shriek of terror from a thousand throats; each instant the blaze is brightening, and the flames are spreading like lightning up the tawdry gilded wooden ornaments of the altar to the wooden ceiling, dome, and roof above. The church is burning, and from the doors pour out the terrified and shrieking crowd—out of all the doors, lofty and wide as they are, stream forth the crowd; but the shrieks grow louder within, and the fire now seems not only to be rising upward, but is falling down from above upon the floor; lamps filled with camphine are bursting, and their blazing contents are descending in showers of fire upon the wretched ladies and the poor children below. Now, indeed, the yells of horror, the shrieks of agony, and groans of despair are becoming every instant more deafening. Why do they not come out faster from the doors? Alas! even as the forked flames are bursting forth from the windows of the dome over the church, the greater part of the poor women have yet to be saved; and now they are, in their efforts to escape, falling down in a dreadful heap one over another in front of the doors, and are thus forming a living barricade, preventing those behind from escaping. Men from outside now rush in and make violent attempts to extricate them, but almost entirely in vain; for the heap is piling higher and higher until it becomes nearly 6 ft. in height—a writhing, shrieking, entangled mass of women and children. The bystanders do all they can to help in this extremity, and among them Mr. Nelson, the United States' Minister, and Mr. Melgus, the railway contractor, make themselves conspicuous by their noble exertions to save life; but there still remain many hundreds of women in the church, and the burning roof is beginning to fall in. The hair and dresses of those now being saved are found to be on fire; some are got out almost naked, and the people cover these with their coats; others are drawn out of the entangled mass with such force that their arms are dislocated; and some were drawn out of the church over the pile before the door by lassoes. At length the roof blazes from end to end of the church, and flames are seen rising from the crowd beyond the heap of prostrate women in front of the door, and now the flames burst from the very doors themselves, driving back the bystanders, and all becomes still within a moment.

Death! yes, the most horrible and agonising death reigns supreme within the old church. Death to 2000 women and children who but a short half-hour previously were gazing with reverential ecstasy upon the glittering spectacle prepared for them—upon the 20,000 torches which were to light their funeral pyre. Death also to many who had been withdrawn from the dread spot only to linger in agony a short space under the doctor's hands. Death to the mothers and families of numbers of sorrowing relatives who were not present and were powerless to save them.

How powerless is man in such a calamity so disastrous and fearful as this! Were none of the means at hand to check the ravages of the fire? Yes! There was water, but insufficient in quantity, for the city has no proper supply; there were fire-engines, but wretched and inferior machines, and badly served, for in Santiago there are no volunteer fire-brigades as in Valparaiso, and therefore there was no practised and efficient force of active helpers—nothing but the aid of a few willing hands and courageous hearts could be found to grapple with such terrific emergency, and hence, perhaps, so fearful a destruction of human lives.

Who can picture the condition of the miserable city upon that night? Scarcely a family but had lost some valued or darling member—one fifth part

of the female population burnt to death in less than half an hour; all classes suffering equally—ladies of the first rank in society, the tradesman's wife, and the humblest domestic servant all perishing absolutely in one another's arms. The sister of the Governor of the city is one of the victims, and in the list of those who have perished are whole families, ladies with their daughters and their entire staff of female domestics. One gentleman of wealth, Don R. Ovalle, lost his wife and five daughters. Out of some households nine or ten females have perished; one schoolmistress with a number of her pupils; and one or two instances are mentioned of entire families leaving home to attend the ceremony at the church, and not one returning to again unclothe the door.

The day following, and immediately after the ruins had cooled, soldiers and police were set to work to remove the blackened, calcined remains of the victims from the ruins, where they were found in piles and masses. The soldiers say that at one part a vast number were burnt standing packed close together, so that when they withdrew one corpse the others fell; all these were charcoal down to the waists, and none could be recognised, except that some retained on the lower parts of their bodies a few shreds of clothing. Indeed, scarcely any of the unhappy victims have been identified, and patrician and plebeian were similarly removed in the carts of the police to the cemetery, and have been interred in one common grave; 1500 blackened skulls were counted and acknowledged as received by the authorities of the burial-ground for interment; and when, a day or two after the catastrophe, a visit was made to this place, fifty or sixty men were found digging a huge trench to receive a ghastly pile of human remains which lay hard by covered over with boughs of trees, and which was 180 ft. in length, 10 ft. wide, and 5 ft. high.

The populace are raving against the clergy for their indifference on the occasion, and demand that the church shall be razed to the ground, so as to obliterate all trace of the ill-omened place.

Never can the recollection, however, of this terrible night be effaced from the people, never will such a catastrophe, it is hoped, be again suffered; but still the churches are lighted up and crowded, and the probability is that even this severe lesson will fail to prove efficacious in checking the influence of the wildest class of the priesthood, or in diminishing the superstition of this people.

IRELAND.

INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION.—An influential deputation from the north waited last week upon the Lord Lieutenant, and laid before him the question of intermediate schools, asking him at the same time to bring the establishment of such institutions throughout Ireland under the notice of her Majesty's Government. The business of the deputation was laid before his Excellency by Lord Dufferin, Mr. Kirk, and the Rev. William M'Clure. At the close of the interview, which lasted an hour, his Excellency said that the question was one involving heavy and important interests, and it would be necessary for him to give it his most mature and careful consideration, which it should receive from him.

INAUGURATION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND DARGAN STATUE.—Two events of moment took place on Saturday last in Dublin, at which his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle presided—the inauguration of the National Gallery of Ireland and the unveiling of the statue of Dargan. The National Gallery grew out of the success of the Fine Arts department in the Dublin International Exhibition of 1853, with which the name of Dargan will be forever associated. The National Gallery has been erected in Leinster Lawn, and the statue stands there also on a block of native granite. The arrangements made for the inauguration were perfect. Arrived at two o'clock, when he was received by John Lentsigne and Joseph Boyce, Esqrs., trustees; and Sir Robert Kane and Mr. Boyle, honorary secretaries. There was a large assemblage present. Mr. Boyle read an address to his Excellency from "The Dargan Committee," describing their labours, rendering a statement of accounts, and resigning the trust "into the hands of a Viceroy, not more distinguished for his classic tastes and love of art than for his high appreciation of men who, like William Dargan, devote themselves to the service and improvement of their fellow-citizens." The trustees then requested his Excellency to unveil and inaugurate the statue. The drapery was then removed and the statue displayed, amid the general cheering of the vast assembly.

THE PROVINCES.

IRONSTONE IN LINCOLNSHIRE.—Messrs. Dawes, of the Milton Ironworks, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, have taken an extensive tract of land on the Lincolnshire side of the Trent, opposite Keadby, and opened extensive blast furnaces there. They are making about 500 tons of iron per week. The immense mineral wealth of this locality, which was only discovered about two years ago, will give employment to large numbers of men; and when railway communication is opened, as it shortly will be, with the Yorkshire side of the river, the new trade will, it is expected, be still further developed.

THE DURHAM PITMEN'S STRIKE.—This unfortunate strike may now be considered as completely terminated. A meeting of the union men was held on Saturday last, at Willington, at which it was declared that the strike was at an end. The men were urged to seek work elsewhere, and it was stated that any of them returning to work at their old collieries would be considered blacklegs. This advice, however, is not likely to be accepted; for several families were removing into their houses in the evening, and many more came forward and signed the agreement, expressing their regret that they had ever known the union.

EXPORT OF BOOKS.—The export of English books to the States of America fell from £140,000 worth in 1859 to less than half that value in 1861, and the returns now published show that in 1862 it was little over £50,000. The export to Australia has also fallen off considerably; in 1859 it exceeded £126,000; in 1861 it was but £110,000; in 1862 only £97,000. The export of English books to France has risen greatly; in 1859 it only amounted to £9569, in 1862 it was £16,355. To British North America we send books in a year to the value of about £23,000; to the West Indies, £17,000; and the export to India and that set down as being made to Egypt amount to about £125,000. The value of our books exported in the year 1860 was as high as £494,845; in 1861 it fell to £445,358; and in 1862 to £415,203; but in the first eleven months of 1863 it had recovered to £408,957. Our imports of books in 1862 were of the value of £101,053.

THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF PLÖN, IN HOLSTEIN.

PLÖN is distant about three German miles south of Kiel, and about ten north-east of Hamburg. The town is pleasantly situated on a tongue of land which divides the Plöner Lake into two parts, and it stands at the foot of a height which is crowned by the castle. Plön, comprising the old and the new towns, contains a population of about 3000. The town stretches out in an easterly direction, and is bounded by the Behler Lake and the Sahver Lake.

The general aspect of Plön is extremely picturesque, and the prospect commanded from the terraces and turrets of the castle is extensive and varied. To the admirers of natural scenery the environs of Plön present many points of interest. For example, a remarkable hill (which has received the classic name of Parnassus), situated between the Tram and the Schöhsee, and the Langel-Garden, in which there is a hill, whence our sketch was taken. The Plöner-Lake, as already observed, is divided into two parts by the strip of land on which the town is built: the northern part is called the small lake and the southern part the great lake. The whole circumference of the Plöner Lake, in both its parts, is about five and a half German miles.

Among the small islets scattered over the lake is Schilf, now scarcely visible. There formerly stood an ancient Wendic fortress, destroyed by an earthquake, and the site on which its foundation rested is now nearly submerged. A very narrow tongue of land runs up between the Plöner and the Behler Lakes, from both of which, it is alleged, sulphuric vapours arise when any of the great European volcanoes are in active commotion.

Plön counts several centuries of existence, and it was formerly the chief link of communication between the western boundary of the territory inhabited by the Wends and other important places—viz., old Holstein proper and Stormann.

In the year 1071, the Slavonian fortress Plun was the chief stronghold of the Wends, and in 1139 it was wrested from them by the Holsteiners. On the site of the present castle of Plön there stood, in the year 1173, a fortress, which, in 1181, was conquered and strongly fortified by Henry the Lion. In 1236, Count Adolph IV. conferred on Plön the privileges of a city. From 1490 to 1761 it was the residence of the Dukes of Holstein-Plön, by whom the castle, in its present form, was constructed in 1636, and the town enlarged, by the addition of what is termed the "New Town," in 1685. For several years past, and until the outbreak of hostilities, Plön was the seat of the Holstein Government.

THE MARABOUT'S LION.

OUR Engraving represents one of the most extraordinary scenes of life in Algiers. At about the same time in every year an enormous lion makes his entry into the streets of the city, conducted by a company of Arabs and negroes, who lead him by a cord of camel's hair.

These native visitors collect alms on behalf of a celebrated



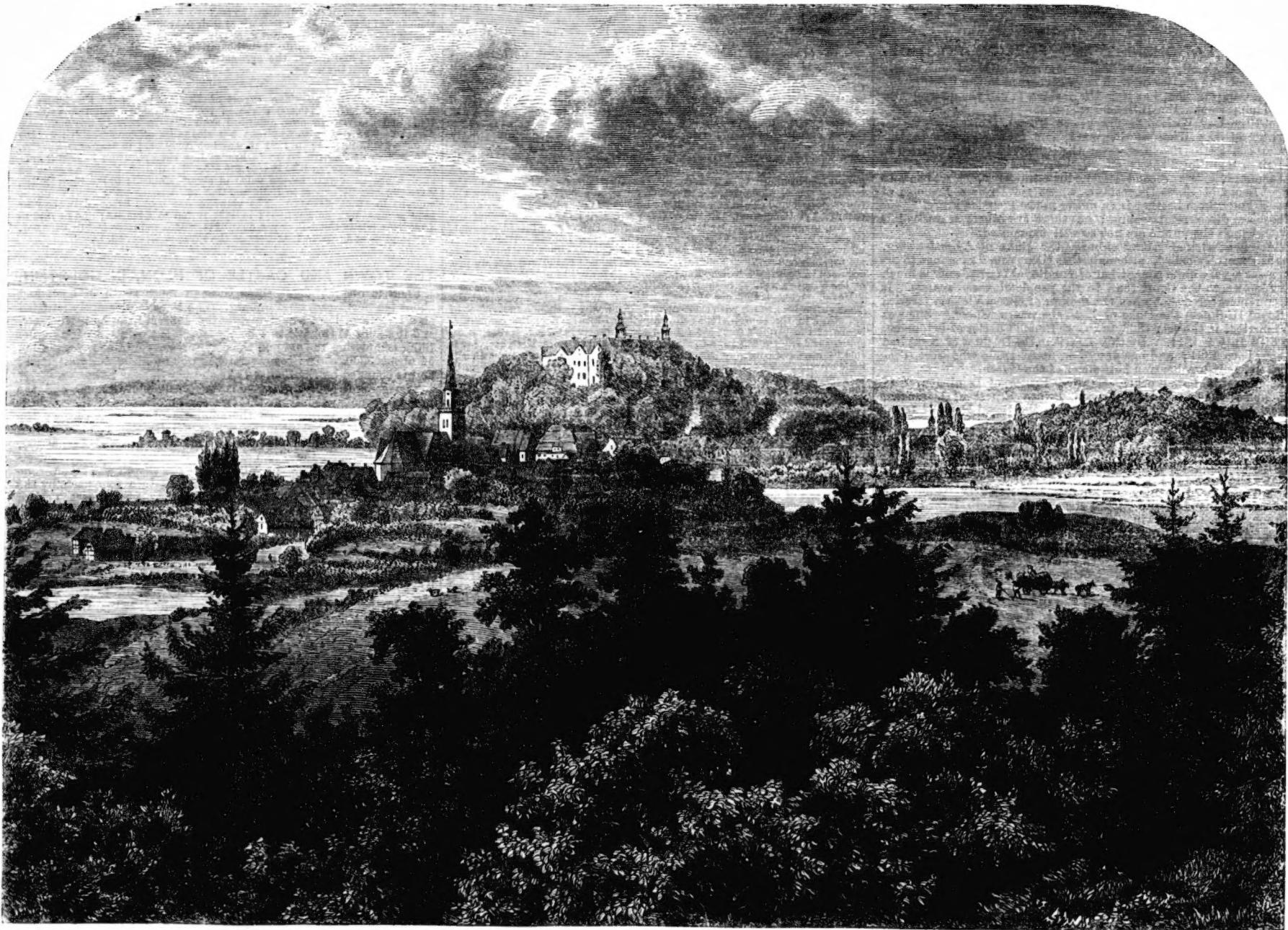
ARABS WITH A CAPTURED LION IN THE STREETS OF ALGIERS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. ALARY.)

marabout, who is held in the highest veneration throughout the province. The origin of this exhibition is not a little curious, since the venerable marabout for whose benefit the appeal to charity is made is said to have received from Heaven a supernatural power, by which he exercises authority over ferocious beasts, who come to render him voluntary homage.

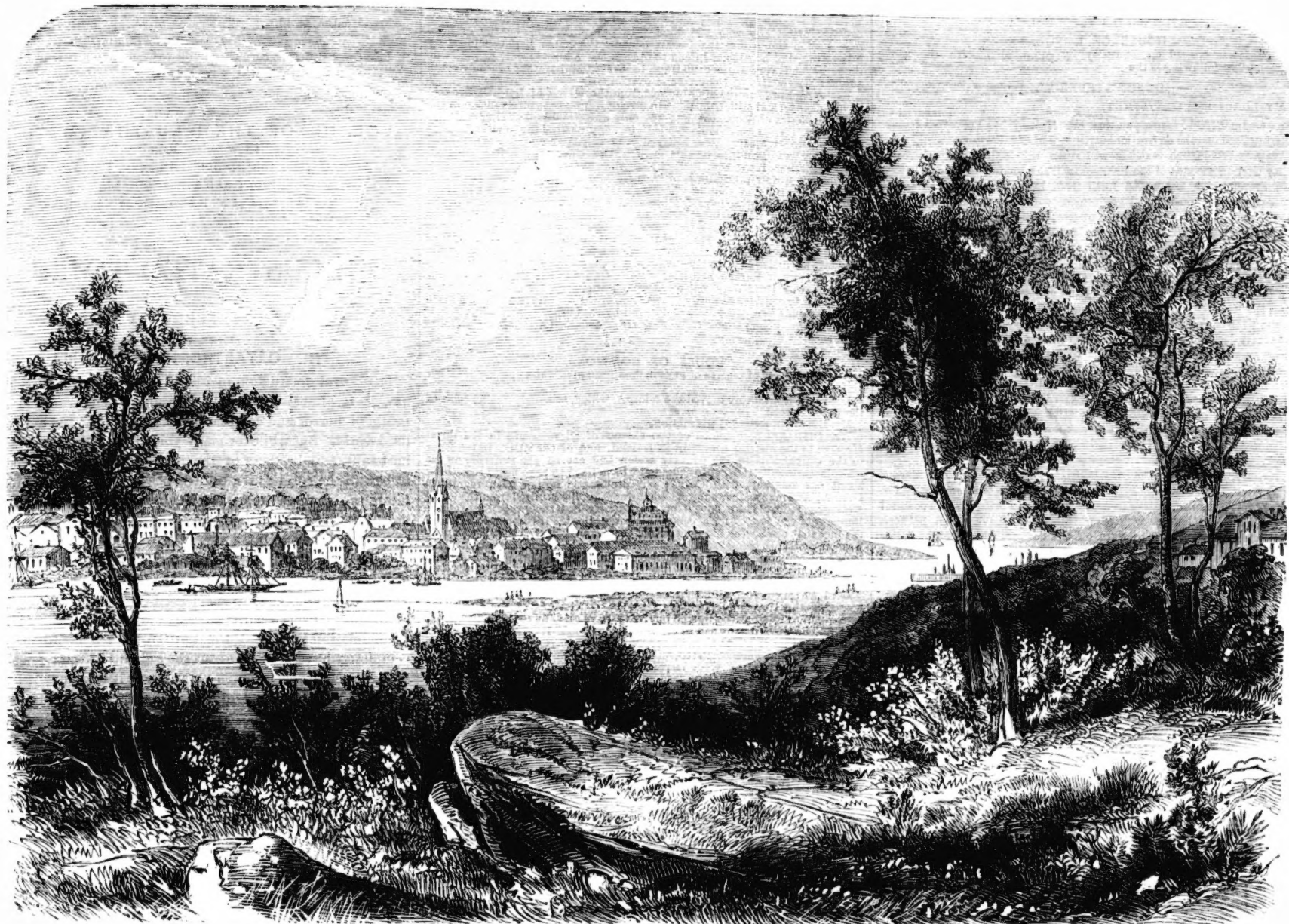
For this reason the lion which accompanies the mendicants is not always the same animal; and they assure you that as soon as they have collected a sufficient sum they return to the marabout, and the lion, having done his duty, goes back again to the thickets whence he came.

Every year, at the same time, a new lion comes to yield himself

for this especial service, and allows himself to be led captive for the temporary advantage of the holy man. This story, to which the more sceptical Europeans are seldom willing to give credence, is often devoutly believed by the Arabs, and, altogether, the marabout must make a very good thing by his skill as a wildbeast tamer.



THE CASTLE OF FLON, IN THE DUCHY OF HOLSTEIN, THE FAMILY SEAT OF THE DUKES OF AUGUSTENBURG.



THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—VIEW OF KIEL, THE SPAT OF THE HOLSTEIN GOVERNMENT.



DANISH TROOPS RETISING FROM THE PRINCIPAL CORPS DE GARDE AT ALTONA.

Imperial Parliament.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Parliament was opened on Thursday by commission with the usual formalities. The following is the

QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

We are commanded to assure you that her Majesty has great satisfaction in recurring again to the advice and assistance of her Parliament.

Her Majesty is confident that you will share her feeling of gratitude to Almighty God on account of the Princess of Wales having given birth to a son, an event which has called forth from her faithful people renewed demonstrations of devoted loyalty and attachment to her person and family.

The state of affairs on the Continent of Europe has been the cause of great anxiety to her Majesty. The death of the late King of Denmark brought into immediate application the stipulations of the Treaty of May, 1852, concluded by her Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Sweden, and afterwards acceded to by the King of Hanover, the King of Saxony, the King of Wurtemberg, the King of the Belgians, the King of the Netherlands, the Queen of Spain, the King of Portugal, and the King of Italy.

That treaty declared that it is conducive to the preservation of the balance of power and of the peace of Europe that the integrity of the Danish Monarchy should be maintained, and that the several territories which have hitherto been under the sway of the King of Denmark should continue so to remain; and for this purpose it was agreed that, upon the death of the late King and of his uncle Prince Frederick without issue, his present Majesty King Christian IX. should be acknowledged as succeeding to all the dominions then united under the sceptre of his Majesty the King of Denmark.

Her Majesty, actuated by the same desire to preserve the peace of Europe which was one of the declared objects of all the Powers who were parties to that treaty, has been unremitting in her endeavours to bring about a peaceful settlement of the difficulties which on this matter have arisen between Germany and Denmark, and to ward off the dangers which might follow from a beginning of warfare in the north of Europe; and her Majesty will continue her efforts in the interest of peace.

The barbarous murders and cruel assaults committed in Japan upon subjects of her Majesty rendered it necessary that demands should be made upon the Japanese Government, and upon the daimio by whose retainers some of those outrages were committed.

The Government of the Yucatan complied with the demand made upon them by her Majesty's Government, and full satisfaction having been made, the friendly relations between the two Governments have continued unbroken. But the daimio Prince of Satsuma refused to comply with the just and moderate demands which were made upon him.

His refusal rendered measures of coercion necessary, and her Majesty regrets that, while those measures have brought this daimio into an agreement for compliance, he led incidentally to the destruction of a considerable portion of the town of Kagosima.

Papers on this subject will be laid before you.

The insurrection which broke out last year among some portion of the native inhabitants of New Zealand still, unfortunately, continues; but there is reason to hope that it will, before long, be put down.

Her Majesty commands us to inform you that she has concluded a treaty with the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, by which her Majesty consents to give up the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, and also agrees to the annexation of those islands to the kingdom of Greece. This treaty shall be laid before you. Her Majesty is also negotiating a treaty with the King of the Hellenes for regulating the arrangements connected with the union of the Ionian Islands with the kingdom of Greece.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Her Majesty has desired the Estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. They have been prepared with every attention to economy, and with a due regard to the efficiency of the public service.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Her Majesty commands us to inform you that the condition of the country is, on the whole, satisfactory. The revenue has fully realised its expected amount; the commerce of the United Kingdom is increasing; and, while the distress in the manufacturing districts has been in some degree lessened, there is reason to look forward to an increased supply of cotton from various countries which have hitherto but scantily furnished our manufacturers with this material for their industry.

Her Majesty has directed that a commission shall be issued for the purpose of revising the various forms of subscription and declaration required to be made by the clergy of the Established Church. A copy of that commission will be laid before you.

Various measures of public usefulness will be submitted for your consideration.

Her Majesty commits, with confidence, the great interests of the country to your wisdom and care; and she fervently prays that the blessings of Almighty God may attend your deliberations and prosper your councils for the advancement of the welfare and happiness of her loyal and faithful subjects.

On the assembling of the House at five o'clock there was a full attendance of Peers, and the side galleries were filled with ladies. The Prince of Wales was present and took his seat on the cross benches.

THE ADDRESS.

The LORD CHANCELLOR having read her Majesty's Message, The Marquis of SLIGO moved the address, in reply to the Queen's Speech, and went over the topics referred to in that document.

LORD ABERCROMBIE seconded the address.

The Earl of DERBY thought it incumbent on him not to pass over in silence a speech suggestive of topics of the utmost importance and the deepest interest, and of a condition of the country, to which it was impossible not to look with considerable anxiety. It was satisfactory, at the commencement of another Session, to be again enabled to address the Crown in language of congratulation on a subject deeply interesting to the nation at large and calculated to soothe the sorrow which had so recently fallen upon her Majesty—he referred to the birth of a son of the Prince of Wales. It was also gratifying to find that the country generally was in a prosperous condition, and that our commerce was steadily increasing. No doubt Lancashire was exempted from that general prosperity, but he entertained strong hopes that the worst and heaviest of the pressure was at an end. Certain districts in Ireland had also been seriously afflicted, and demanded the earnest attention of the Government to alleviate it. With regard to our foreign relations, he was not in a position to congratulate the country. Her Majesty's Government obtained office by an ingenious, if not a very ingenious, stratagem. They came into power in order to supply a more extended measure of Parliamentary reform, and the moment they accepted office they virtually gave up reform and devoted themselves to foreign diplomacy, in which they had been still less successful. Earl Russell on entering his office professed that his policy was non-intervention in the affairs of other countries, the extension of liberal principles, and the exercise of our moral influence, and, above all, by the maintenance of a cordial and uninterrupted understanding with the Emperor of the French. Looking around, it was difficult to see what country there was in which the noble Lord had not interfered. In point of fact, the foreign policy of the noble Lord, as illustrative of non-intervention, might be expressed in two short, homely, but accurate words—meddle and muddle. It had been one of lecturing, blustering, and retreating. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," two of the principal performers were Bottom the Weaver and Snug the Joiner. The noble Earl appeared to combine the qualities attributed to both those persons. Like Bottom the Weaver, he was anxious to play every part. "Oh!" said the noble Earl, "let me play the lion. I'll roar till it shall do your heart good, and the Duke shall say, 'Well roared, lion! well roared, lion!'" But Bottom the Weaver and Snug the Joiner were possessed of a very anxious desire that their audience should not be too much alarmed, and therefore they made a disclosure of their intentions. The noble Earl did precisely the same. The roar was the roar of the lion, but the face was the face of the noble Earl. Seeking seriously, he could not but feel that he was lowered and humiliated in his own estimation when he found that the result of the noble Earl's administration of foreign affairs was, not only that we had not in Europe at this moment a single friend, but that our menaces were disregarded and our remonstrances treated with contemptuous indifference by the small as well as by the great Powers. For his own part, he should shrink from a war between England and the

united Powers of Germany as one of the greatest disasters that could befall this country. The noble Earl (Russell) must that night give a clear and distinct understanding of the policy the Government was prepared to take; and he hoped the noble Earl would be able to convince the House that we were not committed by any act, either to a war with Germany, or to a betrayal of an ally who had trusted to our protection. After a brief reference to China and the Ionian Islands, the noble Earl concluded by intimating that he did not intend to oppose the Address; but, at the same time, he had very little confidence in the administration of the foreign affairs of the country by the present Government.

Earl RUSSELL, in defending himself from the attack of Lord Derby, said he had always, and still, entertained a strong feeling that intervention in the internal affairs of a country was not only unjustifiable, but almost always failed in its object, and tended to aggravate the evils it was intended to remedy. He believed the whole country approved of the policy of non-intervention which the Government had adopted. After entering into the history of the Treaty of 1852, and describing the unfair proceedings of Austria and Prussia towards Denmark, the noble Earl stated that her Majesty's Government at no time had given any assurance, or even hope, of material assistance to Denmark. In the present state of uncertainty he asked the House to leave the hands of the Government unfettered and free to do the best they could as events arose for the peace of Europe. He might state that both France and Russia, as well as this country, were anxiously desirous for peace. At the same time they had no desire to commit themselves rashly to any policy which might entail evils upon Europe hereafter. With regard to her Majesty's Government, it was their duty not to look to Parliament for suggestions or a policy, but to consider seriously the position of the country, and, having made up their minds to a policy, to stand or fall by the event.

After some observations from Earl Grey and Earl Granville, the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

After a number of notices of motion had been given, the Speaker read her Majesty's Message, and Lord R. GROSVENOR moved the address, which, as usual, was an echo of the Royal Speech.

Mr. GUSCHEN seconded the motion.

Mr. DISRAELI complained of the absence of all reference in the Royal Message to the distress prevalent in Ireland, and of the silence in reference to the convulsions in the country which had caused the suffering in the manufacturing districts. He should also have liked to have heard something about our relations with China; our diplomatic action with regard to Poland; and many other subjects which were totally omitted from the Royal Message. It would also have been satisfactory had the proposition of the Emperor of the French for a congress been noticed. He also remarked on the fact that the Speech did not contain the usual assurance that her Majesty was on amicable terms with other Sovereigns; and concluded that these omissions had occurred in consequence of the Ministry being in a state of utter confusion.

After some delay,

LORD PALMERSTON said that he had hoped other members would have addressed the House. With respect to the conclusions of the right hon. gentleman as to what the Speech ought to have said, he could easily satisfy them. The Government had so often told the House its policy with respect to America that it would be mere surplusage to have repeated it. Our relations with China were unaltered, and the negotiations with respect to Poland had been made public. With respect to the treatment of the Emperor of the French, so loudly complained of by the right hon. gentleman, the habits of this country were more plain and simple than those of the Continent, and not given to indulgence in professions; but he denied that in Earl Russell's reply declining the congress there was anything uncivil or discourteous to the Emperor of the French, and did not gather that the right hon. gentleman would have accepted the proposal which he styled an adroit manoeuvre. Now, the Government did not go so far as to believe it to be one. They believed that it would lead to war if an attempt was to be made to enforce the decisions of a congress, and if that was not to be the case then it would lead to no practical result. He would, however, affirm that the relations of the two Governments were as cordial as ever, and that, although differences of opinion might, and often must, arise, there had been neither jealousy nor loss of cordiality. He denied that the Government were asking the House for a policy. Their policy, as stated in the Speech, was to reconcile the differences of Germany and Denmark. If the right hon. gentleman had a policy, it must be that the Government ought at once to have rushed headlong into war. That was not the view of the Government. Their influence had induced Austria and Prussia to adhere to the Treaty of 1852, and within the last few hours they had declared that, when their demands were satisfied, they would maintain the succession of the Throne and the integrity of Denmark in accordance with that treaty. Looking at the question impartially, he must say that the Germans had been guilty of wanton aggression, and that the Danes had not fulfilled their obligations. The action of Austria and Prussia had restrained the smaller Powers from getting up a revolution, and was, so far, more friendly to Denmark. He denied that the Federal Diet had the slightest right to dictate who should be Duke of Holstein. With respect to Schleswig, the late Danish Government had attempted to incorporate it; but, on the advice of the English Government, had offered to withdraw it if allowed time to do so. He regretted that that offer had not been accepted, and that hostilities had been so uselessly and wantonly provoked. The policy of seizing a material guarantee was a most dangerous one. They had proposed that, by a protocol to be signed in London, the great Powers should guarantee that Denmark should withdraw the common Constitution. They were told then that it was too late, that the Danish Parliament might not agree, and then the state of affairs would become too dangerous to be controlled. This occupation was, therefore, most lamentable; but Austria and Prussia declared that they would abide by the Treaty of 1852, and if they did the danger of that course was greatly modified. He was sorry that the Queen's Speech did not enable the right hon. gentleman to move an amendment, but, until he heard the contrary, he should persist in believing that the country would approve of and ratify the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers.

After some observations from several members,

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER denied that her Majesty's Government had induced Denmark to make concessions. They had done no such thing. The sum and substance of the advice given to Denmark was to fulfil her engagements.

Some further discussion ensued, and the Address was agreed to.

OBITUARY.

THE DUCHESS OF PARMA.—Louise Marie Thérèse de Bourbon, Duchess of Parma, died at Venice, on Monday, after an illness of a few days, in the forty-fifth year of her age. She was the daughter of the late Duc de Berri, and in 1845 was married to Charles III., then Duke of Parma. In 1854 the Duke died, and the Duchess assumed the reins of Government in the name of her infant son, Duke Robert I., then only six years of age. The Italian War and Revolution in favour of a united Italy by which it was followed altered the entire territorial arrangements of the Peninsula. The duchy of Parma, as an independent State, was swept away by the revolutionary torrent, and on the 18th of March, 1860, Victor Emmanuel issued a decree annexing the duchy to the kingdom of Sardinia. The Duchess and her son had fled from Italy and were in Zurich at the time the decree of Victor Emmanuel was issued. On the 28th of the same month the Duchess published a formal protestation against the decree of annexation; and on April 10, 1861, she promulgated another protest, also at Zurich, against the assumption of the title of "King of Italy" by Victor Emmanuel II. In his proclamation dated March 17, 1861, The young ex-Duke of Parma is still recognised by the Papal Court, Spain, Austria, and the States of the Germanic Confederation, with the exception of Prussia.

THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.—The Duchess of Gordon died at Huntly Lodge, Aberdeenshire, on Sunday evening, the immediate cause of death being gout in the stomach. The deceased was in her seventieth year. She was the daughter of Mr. Brodie, of The Burn, Kincardineshire, and was married to the fifth Duke of Gordon in 1813. The Duke died in 1836, and, as he left no issue, the title became extinct. The Duke of Richmond now succeeds to the Aberdeenshire estates. The Duchess of Gordon had for some years past lived in a very retired manner at Huntly Lodge, doing a great deal of good among the poor, promoting education, and otherwise working for the good of the district.

ADMIRAL JOHN THOMPSON.—Admiral John Thompson, the senior retired Admiral, died on Saturday last. The gallant seaman, who had attained the advanced age of eighty-eight years, entered the Navy in December, 1787. He was advanced to post rank, Oct. 21, 1810, accepted the rank of retired Rear Admiral Oct. 1, 1846; became Vice Admiral May 27, 1854; and Admiral June 9, 1860.

MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON.—This veteran officer expired, on Tuesday last, at York. He embarked for the Peninsula as a volunteer in May, 1809, and served his country with great distinction until the end of the war, in 1814, and, subsequently, in India and the Crimea; ill-health, brought on by over-fatigue in the trenches, compelling him to retire from the latter campaign.

THE FEES PAID TO THE COUNSEL for defending Townley were as follow:—Mr. Macaulay, Q.C., received 150 gs.; Mr. Serjeant O'Brien, 75 gs.; and Mr. F. Stephen, 25 gs.

LORD STANLEY stated at the annual dinner of the Westminster volunteers last week, that when the volunteers were first enrolled foreign Governments expressed great surprise that the English Government should run the risk of putting arms into the hands of the people.

IN CONSIDERATION of the past season having proved exceedingly profitable to the owners of seines at Porthallow, Cornwall, each of the fishermen in their employ has been presented with the sum of £15. A profit of £17 has been declared on every 1-32nd share. At Cadgwith each of the seiners has received a present of £10.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

THE CATASTROPHE AT CHILI.

THE awful destruction of 2000 lives in a church at Santiago has, it is almost needless to state, excited profound sentiments of horror and commiseration throughout the entire civilised world. But while for many years to come the countrymen, husbands, and brothers of the ill-fated victims will continue to bewail the results of a catastrophe so terrible, the ordinary interests of human life will soon cause it to be almost forgotten among us, or remembered only as something that passed not only some time ago but a very long way off.

Only slight reflection is necessary, nevertheless, to serve to convince us that, upon a somewhat smaller scale, perhaps such a calamity might have happened among ourselves. The attention of every reader has been directed to the fact that the officiating priests at the Chilian church could not more completely have brought about the sad end of their celebration had they laid their plans expressly with a view to incrementation. We are told of the festoons of paper flowers, the waves of muslin, the thousands of paraffin lamps, the varnished transparencies, and the utterly inadequate means of egress. It is taken for granted with too much complacency that in England such a fearful visitation could scarcely fall within the limits of possibility.

But the mere number of the victims, however impressive and terrible it may appear to the world in general, has no effect whatever upon the intensity of the agonies of the sufferers or of the survivors. Here in England, for years past, on an average, one woman is burned to death weekly by persistence in a fashion acknowledged to be objectionable upon many grounds besides that of its fatality. From infants scarcely able to toddle, but with their little light dresses ridiculously distended according to the mode, to ladies almost in the enjoyment of longevity, the horrid custom has had its victims among us. The poor housemaid and the lovely pride of the mansion have alike suffered the pangs of martyrdom. We sneer at the priests of Chili for their palpable neglect of common prudence against a common enemy. We should only be thankful that the awful scene of the destruction of their congregation has not had its smaller counterpart in an English drawing-room, crowded with an evening party in the height of the festive season. Months ago we heard such an event predicted as inevitable by a prophet of evil, happily so far not confirmed by the event. We can read, shudder over, and forget the horrible account of the Chilian vespers; but how long would it be ere we should forget the misery, the horror, and the bereavement which a single spark might cause if cast among the light, inflammable costumes of our own fair ones assembled at a ball, a concert, or even in the stalls of a theatre? It was but last week that an inquest was recorded upon the body of an unfortunate columbine, mortally burned in the very front of an audience. It was almost by miracle that her companions escaped the fate which must have been theirs had she rushed into contact with them. But among a throng of fashionable ladies, clothed in dresses almost explosive in their rapidity of combustion; among muslin curtains, gas, waxlights, and it may be lamps fed by the inflammable oils now so popular, it is almost a marvel that the ill-omened prediction to which we have referred should so long have remained unfulfilled.

Nor does the danger only arise from the caprices of fashion. Our places of public entertainment and our halls of assembly are almost universally constructed without regard to the means of immediate egress upon an occasion of sudden emergency. We have already seen the results at the Victoria Theatre and the Surrey Gardens. How terribly would these results have been increased had one or two women, blazing from head to foot, given additional impetus to the panic of the crowd!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES was "churched" on Tuesday in her Majesty's private chapel, Windsor. The infant Prince will be christened on the 10th of March, on which occasion the Queen of Denmark and her eldest daughter will be present, among other distinguished personages. The two first names of the young Prince will be Albert and Victor.

A MARRIAGE will take place on the 8th inst. between the Hon. Leopold Agar Ellis, M.P., brother to Viscount Clifden, and the Hon. Miss Skonor, daughter of Lord and Lady Camoys.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS has conferred the cross of the Order of Leopold on Mr. Charles Waring, the eminent contractor, in recognition of his services in promoting the extension of railway communication in Belgium.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has conferred upon the Comte de Flahaut, lately Ambassador of France at this Court, the high dignity of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour.

THE FAMILY OF GENERAL LEE live in the plainest way at Richmond, renting two rooms only.

THE CELEBRATED CASE, "Kennedy v. Broun," better known as the Swynfen case, is finally at an end. Mr. Kennedy's appeal has been dismissed with costs.

A NEW SIGN FOR A TAVERN has recently been invented—Dewdrop Inn (do drop in).

MANGIN, the famous Parisian itinerant seller of blacklead pencils, is dead. A MEASURE is shortly to be introduced into Parliament by the Government, it is reported, to permit the use of malt duty free in the feeding of cattle and sheep.

SHAW, the valet who stole the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds, has been convicted and sentenced to hard labour for twenty years.

THE ROLLS FOR THE KERITCH PRIZE-MONEY, amounting to between £80,000 and £90,000, have been prepared by the Accountant-General of the Navy, and the money will shortly be ready for distribution to the officers and men entitled to shares.

ARRANGEMENTS ARE IN PROGRESS for forming a volunteer encampment at Lytham. It will be for the use of Lancashire volunteers, and the period of encampment, which will commence about Whitentide, will extend from a week to a fortnight.

A DWARF, NAMED LIPKE, aged thirty-four and only 2 ft. high, has recently been married, at Tilsit, to a young woman aged eighteen, who is of ordinary stature.

THE CUSTOM of employing ladies as clerks in the public departments at Washington is meeting with increased favour. It is said that, generally speaking, they write more correctly than the men, and, as they receive much smaller salaries, the gain to the Government is considerable.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS gave the following account of their occupations in the returns of the last census:—Jack of all trades, 5; misers, 2; philanthropists, 2; practical Christian, 1; anything that pays, 2; loafers, 8; poet, 1; retired mechanic, 1; restorationer, 1; ruler, 1; wild men of Borneo, 2; nothing, a very large number.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE has begun to increase again somewhat rapidly. In the first week of January there were 3100 more paupers than in the previous week, in the second week 5620 more than in the first week, in the third week 5520 more than in the second, and the rate of increase still continues.

M. AUBER, the illustrious composer, was seized with a giddiness last Saturday and fell down, striking his forehead against a marble chimney-piece. Happily, he sustained no serious injury, and so far recovered from the fit that he was able to do the honours of a dinner party invited to celebrate his eighty-second birthday.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

"UNLESS the Danish business should change the mind of her Majesty's Government, we are to have, I hear, 4000 fewer seamen next year than we have now." This was the news brought to me by my political gossip the other day. "Four thousand?" said I. "What proportion does that number bear to the whole?" "What proportion to the whole? I will tell you in a moment," he replied, pulling out of his pocket a new book. "The number of able-bodied seamen and petty officers is now 33,216, with 5784 officers; of boys, 9000; of coastguards, 9000; and of marines, 18,000. The naval volunteers are taken at 8000, and the Royal Naval Reserve at 16,000—making a total of nearly 100,000 men." "What is that book?" "That must be something new." "This book? It is one of the best books published for many a year. It is entitled *The Statesman's Year-book*. It is compiled by Mr. Frederick Martin, and published by Macmillan and Co. I should advise you to see it, my friend, for it is just the work for scribbling fellows like you; for here you have almost everything that you can possibly want to know about all the countries in Europe and every other country of note in the civilised world. Take, for example, Austria, which comes first. Here we have a full, true, and particular account of the reigning family to begin with; and then come Constitution and Government, Church and education, revenue and expenditure, army and navy, population, trade and commerce; and this is only a sample from the pack, and hardly that, for under some countries you get a great deal more, whilst I do not believe that there is a State in Europe left out. Even the paltry little German State Lientenstein, with its army of 91 soldiers, and its revenue of £5500, and its population of 7150 souls, is here. And, as I have said, it tells you all about countries beyond Europe, China, India, America, Japan, &c. Under the head of Japan we have a list of the daimios with their revenues. Wealthy fellows, some of these feudal chiefs. Here, at the top of the list, is one, the Prince of Range, who has a revenue of £769,728; and that Prince of Satsuma, whose capital Admiral Kuper destroyed the other day, has, or had, £486,912." "I suppose these princes are a sort of feudal lords. How many are there of them?" "How many? Why, here is a list of some 150, and every man, the book says, is absolute lord within his own territory, and has power of life and death over all his subjects and dependants." "I must get that book." "Get it! of course you must. Why, you will save the cost in shoe-leather in a month, and double your knowledge of the world's affairs in a day. I read it for an hour or two last night, and, egad! I feel this morning as if I were fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, or President of the Board of Trade at least."

"Does the book tell us anything about Denmark, for information about Denmark is interesting now?" "Of course it does. What do you want to know?" "Well, what is its revenue?" "Revenue? Why, its revenue last year was £1,841,499, and its expenditure £1,814,864." "Has it a debt?" "Debt? Let me see. Yes; its debt in 1862 was £10,726,179. This seems to have been in course of reduction, which reduction, I take it, will now be stopped. Addition and multiplication will be the practice if this war goes on."

The *Saturday Review* says a general impression prevails that the Conservative leaders, although notoriously unwilling to force on a conflict, may be driven by their supporters to try their strength. I know of no such "general impression." That there is a general desire within a certain limited circle of Conservatives to obtain place and power for the sake of the sweets thereof, and a general discontent because they cannot snap the fruit which has so long and so temptingly been bobbing at their lips, is certain. Such a general desire within said limited circle there always has been at any time ever since the Conservative chief sat upon the Treasury bench; and within this circle there may be a general impression that this year some move will be made towards obtaining for these discontented *habitués* in *sicco* what they so earnestly desire. But there is, I am persuaded, no ground for this impression. The wish is father to the thought, that is all; and beyond this limited circle I can find no such "general impression," nor anything like it. On the contrary, I am persuaded that the general impression is that the Conservative chiefs will attempt no conquest, and that, if they should, they will be defeated. The *Saturday Review* tells us that the Ministry is weaker than it was; and on paper it is. But it must be remembered that the Conservatives are still confessedly in a minority on paper, and that Lord Derby has distinctly said that he will not take office until he can get a majority in the House of Commons at his back. But the Conservative chiefs are much weaker than they appear on paper, and this they well know. If the Conservatives would all, at the sound of the trumpet, close their ranks, they might, with the help of a few Radicals and the defection from the Ministry of a few more, gain a temporary triumph. But it is well known that a considerable number of the Conservative gentlemen would not answer the call; that many of them are leading men in the party; and it is understood that in this state of affairs the Conservative chiefs shrink from a contest. On the whole, then, barring accidents, I still hold to the opinion that we shall have no fight for office this session. If, now, this were Palmerston's Parliament, the Conservatives, if they could unite, might, with Radical help, overthrow the Government and then go to the country. But this, be it remembered, is Derby's Parliament; already he has appealed to the country, and obviously he cannot ask her Majesty to allow him to do it again. No; Mr. Disraeli can do nothing save, like Mr. Micawber, wait till something turns up.

The state of the case at Brighton is this:—There are five candidates in the field: imprints, Mr. Damas; second, Mr. Fawcett; third, Mr. Goldsmith. These are the Liberal candidates. On the Tory side we have Mr. Moor, who, when he saw, or thought he saw, that the Liberals were united, retired from the field, but who, now he sees division in the enemy's camp, returns again; and a Mr. Harpur, who comes forward in the interest of the "unco" godly, or, rather, of that small section of the "unco" who live in constant dread of the Pope and his Jesuits. Mr. Harpur will poll, it is thought, about one hundred votes. Mr. Moor will have the strength of the Conservative party, and, if all three Liberals should go to the poll, it is pretty certain that the Conservatives will get the seat, albeit, Con-

servatism at Brighton is notoriously in the minority. The favourite Liberal candidate is Mr. Fawcett. This seems to be generally acknowledged. Indeed, it would be wonderful if it were not so: for Mr. Fawcett is a man of established reputation, whilst Mr. Damas is altogether unknown; and Mr. Goldsmith quite as much so when you get beyond the boundaries of Brighton. What, then, ought the Liberal candidates to do in this case? Well, there is but one course for them to take, and that they are bound in honour to take, and will take, unless vanity or revenge, or a mixture of both, should be allowed to override prudence and loyalty to the principles which they profess—viz., to submit their canvassing-books to some one or more referees for examination; each candidate binding himself beforehand that, if the said referee or referees should determine that he is so clearly in a minority that he has no chance of success, he will promptly retire. If this step be taken there cannot be a doubt that Mr. Fawcett will be the man selected to fight the battle; and it is equally certain, that if he alone fights the battle against the Conservatives he will be triumphantly returned. We shall see whether Messrs. Damas and Goldsmith are really desirous for a triumph of their principles.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the special correspondent of the *Times* in Poland, who was ordered, a few weeks back, by the Russian Government to leave that country on rather sharp notice, and who in one of his letters gave so amusing an account of the anxiety which the military authorities evinced that he should rise betimes in the morning of the day appointed for his departure, so as to run no risk of losing the train which was to convey him to St. Petersburg, is about to return to England, I hear. Mr. Edwards is the first among special correspondents who to an almost judicial aptitude for discriminating between false and true information, and plenty of skill in making the most of his facts, united in his descriptions the *verve* and vivacity of the worthy man of letters. Hence his communications, though on a serious subject, were light and pleasant, as well as sound reading. Mr. Edwards's return is to be looked for daily, and, no doubt, we shall soon hear of some announcement in the book world of the results of his recent Polish experiences in a digested form.

Mr. Henry Mayhew, author of "London Labour and the London Poor" and of "German Life and Manners as seen in Saxony at the Present Day," a book which has met with very general condemnation for the worse than prejudiced tone in which it is written, is said to have just received the appointment of Consul at Copenhagen. The gentlemen who write letters to the *Times* appear determined to call Mr. Mayhew to account for his portraits of social life in Germany. His publishers aver that he is quite ready to meet all attacks and to answer them; and no doubt he will. At the same time, it must be confessed that Mr. Mayhew has a great deal to answer for. Of course, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar may be the "tom-fool of Saxony"—that is a matter of opinion; but, when the author tells us, "in all the sacredness of literary confession, that he has never found such squalor, such dirt, such meanness, such untidiness, such discomfortableness, while visiting the homes of the poorest workman in the British metropolis as he has met with in the houses of these beggarly, trumpery, grubby, showy, cowardly, cringing, beer-befuddled, tobacco-reeking, potato-devouring, unmannerly Saxon lords;" when we read this, we confess we think it probable there may be something to say on the other side. Is it really so bad as this? Is it fact that "a chessmonger's chaise with us is better cleaned, and the harness better polished, and the animal better fed and groomed than are the Saxon Royal equipages?" and that "the pretended nobles are meaner, dirtier, and less civilised than working shoemakers in England?" Mr. Mayhew pledges his faith that it is so, and Messrs. Allen and Co. declare that he is ready to substantiate every word he has written. Well, there are a good many words to substantiate, that is all; hard ones, too. Perhaps it was in anticipation of objections which he would not turn from that he penned the following sentence, in the same spirit in which the soldier throws away his scabbard, or in which the Spanish adventurer, with a whole continent before him, burned his ships behind him:—

Indeed, gaddies in summer never swarmed in such number about a dunghill, nor vermin infested so profusely the ragged Irish beggars; such greedy parasitical animalcules were never seen in a magnified drop of dirty water; no insects at the time of a great blight ever covered the land so thickly, or ravaged it so thoroughly, as the horde of petty, swaggering, bogtrotter potentates in this miserable, under-fed and over-taxed, ground-down and used up, ill-conditioned and well-plucked, luckless, lifeless, spiritless, hopeless, and penniless, befuddled, beleaguered, and benighted old Fatherland, or rather old Great-grandmotherland, of Germany.

Among the artists likely to visit London during the coming season is Signor Orlandi, a baritone, who is now singing with great success at Modena. The Italian papers are unanimous in his praise. His voice is stated to be a fine one—powerful, yet sympathetic in quality, and extremely flexible. Signor Orlandi's name is new to English ears, but well known in Italy, where he has achieved some reputation during the last few years. He has sung much at the San Carlo of Naples, La Scala of Milan, at Rome, Florence, Madrid, and, indeed, at all the principal towns, and always with success.

How deliciously incorrect are the notions French folks have of everything English, and French journalists seem to be as ignorant in these days of from Paris to London in twelve hours as in the time of the Consulate. Here is the last from the *Petit Journal*:—"Mr. Webster, of the Adelphi, and his favourite interpreters of Shakespeare, have taken places in the steamer from London to Boulogne, and *deux wagons spéciaux* in the train to Paris, and are about to perform here. The pieces chosen are 'The Maid of Lyons,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' and 'Hamlet.' Let Mr. Webster and his twelve artists come, and Shakespeare, and Lord Byron, and Sheridan Knowles, and Garrick, and James, and all the British host; we shall be in our stall to welcome this demonstration of English genius, there to call out the usual expression of success, 'All right!'" Is not this charming? Sheridan Knowles, Garrick, and James, and all right! Is not the critic of the *Petit Journal* tout-à-fait Anglais?

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MAGAZINES.

Have you the least idea, good reader, of the sort of mental indigestion that follows upon an attempt honestly to "taste" all the magazines and report upon their quality? Not you! You fancy reviewing is pleasant pastime. Take my word for it, it is hard work, and have mercy on me as you read what follows.

Blackwood is a very good, wholesome number. Besides "Tony Butler," there is a sensation story, "Witch-hampton Hall," which is a story of changed love and a changeling baby, excellently fitted for dramatic adaptation. The paper entitled "The Royal Academy Reformed" is carefully thought out, and calls for "bold and conclusive" legislation upon the subject. I have my own opinion about the relation of Art and Government; but, granting the ordinary premises, I like this essay very much. "A Ride through Sutherland" is—excuse the commonplace, for it is very hard to coin new phrases—well worth the whole cost of the number. "The Chronicles of Carlingford" is the best story now going on in the magazines. How happily said is this:—"It seems as if our poor neighbours loved most the ministrations of youth, which is superior to all ranks in the matter of possibility and expectation, and inferior to all ranks in the matter of experience!" There is a scholarly heartiness about *Blackwood* which always makes him delightful, and he manfully keeps up the standard of good writing.

Fraser is a very quiet number. There is a sensible essay (no more than sensible) on "The Political Temper of the Nation," which repeats what we have all heard before, that Palmerston keeps his place only because he represents a policy of accommodation. *Fraser* has also a good paper on Theodore Parker; but the rest of the number is, I think, poorish.

Macmillan is this month capital. Mr. Matthew Arnold's "A French Eton" is, we need not say, well thought out and well written. This time the editor's "Recollections" are "very entertaining." The essay on Thackeray, by Mr. Henry Kingsley, with a postscript by the editor, is the best prose paper on the subject which has yet appeared.

The *Cornhill* was noticed last week by another pen than mine. All that I need remark in addition to what was then said is that it contains a very interesting paper about the late David Gray.

Temple Bar takes a high place this month. "The Doctor's Wife," by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," is really capital—a very great step forward by the writer. There is, however, a little repetition about Isabel Sleford. Mr. Buchanan's new number of his "Horne Virgiliana" is exceedingly good; nor is there any living man, perhaps, capable of writing such a paper on the whole, so well. The essay on "William Shenstone," again, is every way excellent, and the sign manual of the author is in every line. Brave old man! Long may you write on, full of hope and trust in the midst of unbelieving days. The verses "Before, Behind, and Beyond" are also good. The article on "Commanding Officers and Courts-martial" is a cry for reform—a cry which will not be heeded. Last, not least, Mr. Edmund Yates begins a new story, "Broken to Harness," which is as pleasant as a drive with a rattling friend and a pretty girl on a fine day, and very much like that same.

For the *Victoria Magazine*, also, I have strong words of praise. I wish some of the other magazines would imitate its cool, clear print. Thomas Hughes's "Afternoon in Whitechapel," and the paper on "Robert Browning," by M. D. Conway are well worth reading. The latter writer tells us that when "Sordello" appeared there were doubts whether Sordello was a man or a city. The general reader may take this for a joke; but I can assure him that I know a very cultivated and patient student of poetry who once said to me with triumph, in reply to the question, "How do you get on with Browning's Poems?" "Oh! I've got to the thirtieth page, and have just found out that Sordello is a man. At first I thought it was a city." I have again to observe that the reviews of books in the *Victoria* are the best I ever saw. Christina Rossetti has noble faculties, and has written sacred poetry which is better than Keble's; but her present verses are what country people call "unked." This lady is a true poetess, but she is, alas! very often "unked" in her style.

London Society has two good contributions—"Tom Probus and his Valentines," and "The Ordeal for Wives." The former paper is surely by the author of "Christmas in Bohemia," which was very smart. It is a great pity that this magazine should not be better. I do not mean more "solid;" on the contrary, I mean lighter. All this "fast" pottering is as heavy as cold pie. Perhaps the editor will guess what I mean if I refer to an instance or two of the sort of thing one looks for in *London Society*. Take, then, Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels, and "Sketches of Young Ladies," and, for verse, Winthrop Praed. These are named only as models of manner. Anything quite so good one does not always look for, but the required drawing room tone might surely be caught a little more closely.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* must depend for recommendation chiefly upon Miss Yonge's story, which has our warmest word. There is, again, a good paper on "Church Music," this time by Dr. Monk. The rest of the matter is weak. The author of the verses called "Good-Day" chooses to be anonymous. I strongly advise him to keep so. I could introduce him to a little boy or two who would have much pleasure in making his life unhappy for him on the strength of his poetry. At the risk of being myself bonneted when they see this column, I will dare to give one verse:—

Once, as I watched a child at play,
My kind old neighbour, Francis Gay,
Called out, upon his homeward way,
Good-day!

I wonder, now, if I could do that sort of thing?

Once, as I watched a child asleep,
The little nursemaid, Mary Keep,
Called out, attired in cotton cheap,
Bo-peep!

There! Isn't that as good as Thomas Wakley's "Imitations of Wordsworth"?

Here is *Good Words* again—another ninety pages for sixpence. Mrs. Wood's "Oswald Cray" is becoming exciting. There is a short but powerful paper, called "A Suggestion for the Charitable," to which I would call attention. Mr. George McDonald's "Wow o' Rivven" is exceedingly beautiful. But the great distinction of the magazine this month is the Thackeray poem: by far the noblest thing yet written about the great man. It is unsigned, but a child can recognise the hand that wrote "Poor Old Gran."

The *Intellectual Observer* really deserves a friendly word. It is a scientific miscellany, very well got up and illustrated.

Events of the Month is half newspaper (summarised and expurgated) and half magazine. It is evidently in good hands, and its tone is the best possible. I fear, however, it must condense the news still more if it wants to be popular.

Every Boy's Magazine is very well edited; and, without being dull, is earnest and informing. I am glad to find Captain Knox disinterred again, but sorry to see such a euphemism as "cruelly and disgracefully tortured." Let us have the quaint old fellow's words, or something very like them. No fear of harming the dear boys and girls either. Trust them, and speak plain English.

The *Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle Magazine* is, I find, managed and printed by ladies. I should like to speak kindly of it, but cannot, at present, go farther than to wish success to the zeal and goodwill of these laborious sisters of mine.

Christian Work does not appeal to light readers, but it does to thinkers and observers of all classes. It is infinitely superior to any of the old magazines of the kind, both in scope and quality.

FALMOUTH.

FALMOUTH, a sketch of which we this week engrave, stands, as its name implies, at the mouth of the river Fal, a small stream which runs down from the Cornish hills into the magnificent harbour in which all the British fleet could lie at anchor. Falmouth is a pleasant town of no great antiquity. The earliest mention of it is in 1403, when Joanna, daughter of Charles II., King of Navarre, and widow of John V., Duke of Brittany, landed there on her way to be married to King Henry IV. About 1613 Sir John Killigrew, whose name a hill near the town still bears, built a quay; and in 1638 Falmouth was made the port of departure of the Post Office packets for the West Indies, Lisbon, &c., by which the prosperity of the town was much increased. In 1837 the old sailing-packets to Lisbon were replaced by steamers, and in 1840, on the completion of the railway from London to Southampton, the latter place was substituted for Falmouth as the port of the mail lines of steamers. This, of course, was a heavy blow to the prosperity of the town of Falmouth, and ever since the inhabitants have been trying to get the mail steamers back. A railway has recently been opened, which brings the place within 310 miles of London; and extensive docks have been projected and partly built. The plan embraces a floating dock of fourteen acres, with an entrance 80 ft. wide, and 29 ft. of water on the sill at high-water spring tides; and five graving docks, the largest 450 ft. long and 90 ft. wide, with a depth of 20 ft. at high-water springs, and the smallest 350 ft. by 50 ft., with a depth of water of 14 ft. Two of the five are already finished, and the remainder of the work is being pushed on as quickly as possible.

As a port of departure for the mail steamers to the West Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mediterranean, Falmouth has many advantages over Southampton. Besides the shortening of the voyage by at least one day, and the consequent saving of coals—no inconsiderable matter in a large mail-steamer burning some fifty tons a day—the whole of the intricate and dangerous navigation of the Channel would be avoided. The entrance to Southampton is narrow, and in foggy weather (which is common there) difficult of access; but the entrance to Falmouth is nearly a mile wide. The ancient disadvantage of Falmouth was its distance from London; but, now that the railway is completed, that disadvantage is in a great measure removed; and there seems no reason why Falmouth should not again become the port of departure for the mail steamers bound westward, including those for the Mediterranean and the Cape.



STAFF OF H.T.R.

DRAGON.

BODY GUARD.

FOOT.

UNIFORMS OF THE DANISH ARMY.—(SEE PAGE 90.)

HUSSAR.

VIEW OF PALMOUTH.



THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The most important dramatic event of the week has been the production of Mr. Buckingham's comedy of the "Silver Lining," at the St. James's Theatre. Although called a comedy, the serious is the preponderating element of the piece. It is not a domestic drama in the ordinary acceptation of the words, for the whole interest of the piece arises from internal emotions, over-refinements of feeling, and shades of susceptibility. I was glad to see an audience listen with such marked attention to three acts not indebted for incident to external resources—to listening behind doors, overturned coaches, or intercepted letters. Mr. Merivale is a young gentleman of rank and fashion, who, having received a "blight" in his first love, allows that blight to swell into a cancer. For him, whatever is wrong. Blushing rosebuds suggest grubs, satin-skinned peaches oyster-pilars, and laughing children measles. Notwithstanding all this he marries, and so industriously imbues his bride with his own ingenious misanthropy that he transforms her from a loving, genial girl into a soured, subtle-tongued, over-reasoning woman. When he has brought about this undesirable result, and the wife has discovered that all is barren from Chiswick to Hyde Park-corner; when she has ceased to care for her husband and for the rest of the world, Mr. Merivale repents. But it is too late. The wife's heart is frozen; for her there is no sun. There is darkness, hail, rain, and snow; but neither light, warmth, nor free air. At last maternal love forms a rainbow to bridge over the gulf between the two divided hearts. Mrs. Merivale is informed that her child is dead. The rock is shattered, and the waters flow. The wife seeks sympathy and consolation in her husband's arms, in which refuge she is told that her baby still lives, and that a cruel artifice has been employed as the only means of converting her back to her true womanhood. The collisions arising from these discordances are complicated by Merivale's discovery that one Major Eversley loved his wife before her marriage, an unimportant fact, on which the egotist refines until he augments it into a cause of jealousy, and that his wife's mother had been slandered in her youth. In admirable artistic opposition to this clever scorpion is Mr. Frank Fairleigh, a young gentleman who thinks all men are the bravest braves and all women the fairest fair, a dream from which he is disturbed by the loss of £1500 in a bubble company, the loss of an inheritance by the unexpected marriage of a dotard uncle, and the loss of Dora Merivale, the girl of his heart, who is told by her brother that Frank's affections were only fixed upon her fortune. Ultimately all is made smooth, and the moral deduced is that, though by no means faultless, the world is not a bad world—as worlds go. The "Silver Lining" is a marked success—an honour which the author must divide with the artists who so well interpreted him. Since his trip to Paris, Mr. Charles Mathews acts with more vivacity, ease, and spirit than ever. He seems to have brought over the finesse and finish of the French school with him. As a piece of gentlemanly simplicity and elegant fun, his description of his interviews with the chairman of the bubble company may rank with the most famous "bits" in his most famous impersonations. Mrs. Charles Mathews rendered the arduous character of the wife with the proper combination of power and pathos. Mrs. Frank Matthews contributed to the success of the piece by her excellent acting of an amiable dowager—if I remember rightly, Mrs. Frank Matthews's first appearance in that sort of mother-in-law; and Miss Cotterel was sweet and simple, as became the ingenuous Dora. I am really quite tired of admiring and praising Mrs. Stirling. I have done it so often, and adjectives are so powerless to express the charming cheeriness and genial agreeability of her lively widow, Mrs. Dorrington. In greenroom phraseology, she "carried the house." The performance, however, had one defect: it was impossible. Such a widow could not remain a widow.

Of all the difficult and disagreeable parts ever intrusted to actor, Mr. Merivale, the brilliant cynic, is the most difficult and disagreeable; however, Mr. Robinson struggled with it manfully, and, to an extent, conquered. The "Silver Lining" is less an adaptation of a vaudeville called "La Vie en Rose" than an alteration, and a very considerable alteration, of it. One word of praise—I should give a dozen—to the St. James's orchestra, so admirably trained and led by Mr. Wallerstein. It is delightful to have the entr'actes beguiled by music that is music, and not quadrille-jigging or Christy Minstrel commonplaces.

A very pretty little comedietta, called "Unlimited Confidence," was produced at the Strand on Monday. The imbrolio is very slight and very amusing, and affords an opportunity to Miss Marie Wilton to show a talent for genuine comedy which those who have only seen her in burlesque may not give her credit for possessing. In the same piece, Miss Thorne makes a very ladylike and correct aunt, and Mr. Parselle a very frank, fearless, boisterous, tender-hearted naval officer. Mr. Belford, who till his appearance as Soumley, in Mr. Craven's drama of "Miriam's Crime," had confined his talents to the representation of fops, rousers, and fast young men about town, has made another very palpable hit in a class of character hitherto unattempted by him. He plays a bluff Indian Colonel, of the Downton fine old English comedy school, with great force, unctious, and humour—a sort of Sir Antony Absolute in regimentals, the kind of irascible, high-hearted, bilious uncle, who exclaims, "Be gad, Sir!" "Pooh, Sir!" "Don't tell me, Sir!" "Jack, you dog, I'm ashamed of you!" &c. At every expletive the Strand audience applauded their versatile favourite in his new and very successful assumption.

Astley's is certainly the most comfortable theatre in London for the legs, for there is room to sit down, and to disport those members, even when they are of the longest, without being inconvenienced. Still, notwithstanding this accommodation, Astley's is Astley's still. The genius loci haunts the spot and is present to the olfactory sense. To parody Moore:—

You may paint, you may alter, the place if you will,
But the scent of the "horses" will cling to it still.

But this is irrelevant to my subject, which is Mr. Brougham's new drama of "The Might of Right; or, the Soul of Honour"—a production decidedly unworthy of the arranger of "The Duke's Motto" and "Bel Demonio." I will not dare to attempt to describe the plot—that way madness lies—the maze at Woodstock was tableland compared to it. Let it suffice that Paul Deveril and Ralph Deveril are twin-brothers, and are, of course, played by the same actor, Mr. Loraine; and that the complications arising from their resemblance are additionally complicated by the fact of the one supposed to be killed coming to life again; and that the young lady, betrothed to the slain twin in the first act, plights herself to the other twin in the second; and, when she finds that he is still living, goes back again to her first love in the third. Inconstancy! thy name is Alice, according to the author of "The Might of Right; or, The Soul of Honour." The scenery is very effective, and the costumes are rich and handsome—in fact, too handsome; for there may be too much of good things, even when those good things are spangles. The actors exert themselves to the utmost, Mr. Loraine not only playing the two brothers, but an old gipsy. *C'était du supplément!* But what scenery, costumes, or declamation could atone for language where in palmistry two "parallel lines" are said to be "fraught with danger"; and when a lady inquires if such a person be living, she is answered in sober seriousness that "he is very much so, indeed." "The Might of Right" is a mistake, or, at least, a misfit for Astley's, which will doubtless shortly be measured for another, and, let me hope, a better drama. There is a difference between inventing "incident, incident, and incident," to paraphrase the *mot* of Talleyrand. Improbability is admissible; but a conglomerate of absurdities is as ineffective as inartistic.

In the case of Miss Marie Charles, the Coroner's jury have pronounced a verdict of "Accidental death." I read in one of Mr. Sala's letters from America that a favourite actress having lost her wardrobe by the carelessness or incompetence of the railway authorities, "the president of the railroad had the grace to send her a cheque amply compensating for the damage she had sustained." America must be an admirable country for a lady to lose her wardrobe in. Railway companies in England are less gallant and sentimental.

I regret to have to record the death of Mr. Tilbury, a London actor of prominent position for more than twenty years.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ANGLO-EGYPTIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

Once more the Gallery of Illustration is open, and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry are *chez eux*. Their new entertainment, which is entitled "The Pyramid; or, Footprints in the Sand," has been painted by Mr. Telbin and written by Mr. Shirley Brooks. We first find the three entertainers at Alexandria, in their proper persons. Mr. and Mrs. Reed differ upon a point of cookery, the question in dispute being whether kidneys should be served with mushrooms or truffles. The quarrel becomes of such importance that Mr. Reed resolves to fly to the desert. The scene changes, and we behold a marvellous pictorial representation of the Sphinx, the Nile, and the Pyramids, bathed in a glowing, metallic, brown-blooded sun. Here the author seems to have "let go the painter," in more than the literal sense of the words, for probability ceases as picturesqueness and personation begin. A perusal of Lady Dufferin's "Lispings from Low Latitudes" and Marryat's glorious "Pacha of Many Tales," over a cup of Turkish coffee and a *soupeon* of opium in a Turkish pipe, must have suggested what follows. Mr. Reed appears as the Hon. Dangleton Spangledore, a patrician traveller "doing the East," with those truly British comforts, a piano and a bulldog in his tent; as the Pacha Sulliman Ataghan, a very grand Turk; as a lively young cadet; and as Master Robert Bow, a naughty and knickerbockery boy. Mr. John Parry assumes the characters of Mr. John Parry—one of his most favourite assumptions; of Mr. Barnabas Boanerges Bradshaw, a member of the House of Commons of what a Yankee would call "financing proclivities"; of Signor Morgantino, a magician; and of Ibrahim Boshkoku, a dragoman. Mrs. Reed is Mrs. Reed—we trust by the kind permission of Mr. Reed; Miss Rose O'Grady, in which she sings a capital "patter" song, called a "Sketch of a Journey"—a Greek Boy, an Arab ditto; Miss Stratford Bow, a cookney lady, on her travels, and an Eastern Cook. Mr. Reed's best impersonations were the terrible Pacha and the mischievous boy. Mr. John Parry was inimitable as the economical M.P. who proposed to pull down the Pyramids and use the materials for baths and washhouses; and as Signor Morgantino was the very essence of charlatanism. Neither must the grand Oriental dignity with which he "invented" as the mendacious dragoman be unremembered. One question, however, suggests itself—why did not Mr. John Parry sit down to the piano? The instrument was there; Mr. John Parry was there. Why were they kept apart? Surely, such old friends should not have been sundered.

Having mentioned the characters personated by Mrs. Reed, it is needless to say how she personated them. One of the hits of the evening was her song of "The Boy," perhaps the best of the musical morceaux with which the entertainment is sprinkled, except a very funny trio, that reminded us strongly of the Bouffés.

"The Pyramid" concludes by Mr. Reed purchasing an Eastern cook of a wily slave merchant. The cook turns out to be Mrs. Reed disguised, and the merchant no other than Mr. John Parry, shawled and bearded, and the truffle versus mushroom question is decided in favour of the lady.

"ADSUM."

BY R. H. STODDARD.

"And, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back."—THE NEWCOMES.

The angel came by night
(Such angels still come down),
And, like a winter cloud,
Passed over London town;
Along its lonesome streets,
Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep:
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men;
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear:
He never turned his head,
But answered, "I am here!"

Into the night they went.
At morning, side by side,

They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest Dead abide;
Where grand old Homer sits,
In godlike state benign;
Where broods, in endless thought,
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but light—
The only Shakspeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,

"Art thou become like us?"
He answered, "I am here!"
—New York "Round Table."

MR. BRIGHT has delivered two more speeches at Birmingham, in one of which he took a view of the "bright side" of British affairs, recounting the various measures of improvement which have been passed during the last quarter of a century. In the other speech, Mr. Bright strongly condemned the existing patent laws, and advocated their complete abolition.

IRONCLADS.—The Admiralty have decided this year to try the experiment of building vessels plated with 4½-inch iron, but of small tonnage. The Research, of 1250 tons, coated from end to end with Warrior plates, has proved a great success, draws only fourteen feet of water, steams ten knots and a half, and fought successfully against a gale which drove a wooden sloop of similar size into harbour. Ten ironclads have been ordered, the largest of which will be of 4246 tons and the smallest only 900. One of these, the Bellerophon, to be finished in twelve months, is to be plated with ten inches of teak and six inches of iron, and to be fitted with ten 300-pounder and two 600-pounder guns. Another steamer, the Pallad, is being built for speed, and intended to carry sixteen days' coal at fourteen miles an hour.

THE ALABAMA.—The privateer Alabama anchored in Singapore Roads on the evening of Dec. 21, and left again on the morning of the 24th, after having provided herself with three months' coals and provisions. The Alabama burnt, on the evening of the same day, in the Straits of Malacca, the British barque Martaban, Captain Pike, from Mouline. She carried a British register, the master had a British master's certificate, and the mate had a British mate's certificate, but both were by birth Americans, and had been on board before-hand. The vessel had a cargo of rice on board, being bona fide British property. It appears some doubts are entertained of the transfer of the Martaban, formerly the American Texan Star, having been a bona fide one. A protest has been sent into Government; but, as the papers were all taken away by Captain Semmes, further communications and duplicate papers must be expected from Mouline. The Alabama has also burnt the American ship Sonora, 707 tons, and the American ship Highlander, 1049 tons, both bound for the rice ports.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £45 were voted to the crews of the life-boats of the society at Newbiggin, Northumberland; Whitburn, Durham; Palling, Norfolk; and Newcastle, in the county of Down, for putting off and saving the crews, consisting of twenty-seven persons, from the following wrecked vessels:—Norwegian barque King Oscar, 15; steam-tug Rob Roy, of Sunderland; Russian sloop Annette Catharine, of Groningen; 3; and barque Hamilton Gray, of Liverpool, 2. Rewards amounting to £13 13s. were likewise granted to the crews of the society's life-boats at Tyness (Dundrum Bay) and at Porthcawl for putting off in reply to signals of distress from vessels which did not, however, ultimately require the services of the boats. A reward was also granted to the crew of the Grange, Isle of Wight, life-boat of the institution, for putting off and rescuing the crew of four men from a small boat belonging to the schooner Thetis, of London, which had foundered, during stormy weather, off St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, on the 19th ult. A reward of £14 was also voted to the Scratchy life-boat, called the Prince Albert, for going off and saving the crew of fourteen men of the barque Fifth of May, which, during a gale of wind, had been wrecked off Hasborough Knoll. Various other rewards were also voted for saving life from different wrecks. During the past year the institution had granted rewards amounting to £1351 for saving 714 lives from various shipwrecks by its life-boats and other means. The society decided to station new life-boats at Greenacres, at the entrance of Londonderry Harbour, and at Dunbar. The following legacies had recently been left to the Institution—viz., the late David Campbell, Esq., of Rothsay, £120; the late Richard Spence, of Gower-street, £200; and the late Miss Emma Keate, of Kensington, £300; and "A Friend" had sent the Institution £100. It was reported that Robert Whitworth, Esq., the celebrated gun-manufacturer, of Manchester, had recently collected in that city the cost of two life-boats and nearly £100 a year for their future maintenance. Payments amounting to £663 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

OUR FEUILLETON.

DENMARK AND ITS ARMY.

ORIGIN OF THE PEOPLE.

THE little kingdom of Denmark possesses, independently of the "Schleswig-Holstein complication," a peculiar interest for Englishmen, politically and ethnologically. Politically, as a probable future component of a monarchy destined to check, in some degree, the dangerous predominance of Russia in the north of Europe, and to keep open the Baltic trade in case of war. Ethnologically, because it was the home of their forefathers. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark under one Crown is one of those important European questions looming in a not very distant future. As far as the balance of power is concerned, the three kingdoms in their present state are of little political value. The addition of Denmark to a Scandinavian empire, under a form of Government which would be no novelty in history—viz., a federal monarchy—might go far to soften the jealous feelings and bitter remembrances among the Norwegians at their forced divorce from the Danish Crown, in 1814, and their unpalatable union with the Swedes. This feeling is, however, very much softened at the present day, and will eventually, it is hoped, die away. The united naval and military forces of this new kingdom could exercise a powerful impression in future wars, and a Scandinavian navy lying at Kiel would prove a formidable barrier to Russian aggression. There is no doubt that the possession of Kiel as a naval station and the creation of a German navy were the real though secret objects of the Frankfurt Parliament and of Prussia, during 1848-50, in their determined efforts to dismember the Danish monarchy; the wrongs of Schleswig-Holstein, whether real or imaginary, only afforded the pretext for war. Russia saw this plainly enough when she interfered to defeat the schemes of Frankfurt and Berlin, for it was too obviously against her interests to stand by and see the creation of a third naval power in the Baltic. Whether she will possess the power ultimately to prevent the consolidation of a Scandinavian rival, in the face of England and France, remains to be seen.

It is not intended to enter here upon the merits of the "Schleswig-Holstein question," which is being sufficiently discussed in the daily journals. It is not now a question of fiefdom or languages; of alleged engagements made in 1852 and presumed to have been since broken; but it is simply a *sine qua non* on the part of the agitators in Germany that Schleswig shall be incorporated in its entirety with Holstein. But this Denmark will not concede. If Schleswig is constituted a part of the Germanic Confederation there will be no impediment to Kiel becoming a German harbour, and the dearest wish of the German heart will be gratified in the creation of a German navy. For, although Kiel belongs to Holstein, the entrance to its magnificent military haven is entirely commanded by the fort of Frederikstadt, which is built on a spit of land running into the fiord and situated on the Schleswig shore.

Denmark is inhabited by the descendants of the three tribes—Juti, Angli, and Frisi—who, according to the venerable Bede and all the traditionary history of the times, invaded England in the fifth century, about forty years after the Romans had finally quitted the island. These tribes came undoubtedly from the districts of Denmark still called Jutland, Angeln, and Friesland, on the Eider, and were a seafaring people, who, although pagan, had made sufficient progress in civilisation and the useful arts to enable them to build, rig, provision, and navigate vessels of considerable size, and therefore could not have been strangers to the use of iron, the trades and tools of the blacksmith, carpenter, weaver, and others necessary for their maritime pursuits. It is a remarkable fact that the three tribes, with their distinct usages, languages, and peculiarities, still exist separately and unamalgamated in their original homes in the peninsula. The Jutlanders speak their own Danish dialect, live apart, and are physically and socially a different tribe of people from the Angli, or inhabitants of the south of Schleswig, and of Holstein, who speak the Platt Deutsch. * The Frisians, who occupy the islands and west coast of the peninsula from the Eider to the Elbe, are a distinct people in dialect, customs, and all that distinguishes tribe from tribe, from either of the other two. The three tribes dwell now in the homes of their forefathers, in the same order in which they are placed by Bede—that is, the Angli or Germanic people between the Juti and the Frisi.

THE ARMY AND ITS DISCIPLINE.

The Danish army is recruited from a population accustomed to hard labour and the exertions which their rigorous climate imposes on the husbandman to get his seed into ground in due season. Wet and cold, night work, hardship, and labour are familiar to them; and the Jutlanders, in particular, are men of greater physical powers, and more roughly bred and fed, and hardier, than the peasantry of Holstein or of the south of Schleswig.

The Danish soldier is a quiet, hard-working man, who goes about the peasant's farmyard like one of his own farm-servants, puts up with the same fare and lodging, looks after the cattle, feeds the pigs, and makes himself generally useful. He is a husbandman under arms, and in all his tastes and habits he is agricultural as well as military. An interesting trait is recorded of this mixture of character. At the siege of Frederikstadt, in the Schleswig-Holstein War, while thirty-two pieces of heavy artillery were pouring shot and shell incessantly into the town, which was deserted by its inhabitants and on fire on all sides, the great subject of conversation and sympathy among the Danish garrison was, not their own killed and wounded, but the cattle left in the burning houses. One soldier was observed to steal across the street, swept by the enemy's fire, and was found by his officer coolly dealing out provender to the deserted and hungry cattle of his landlord.

The Danish people, from the highest to the lowest, may be said to live on their antecedents and past history. The soldiery, and the classes from which they are drawn, are at this day men of the same character as the peasantry of the feudal ages. They have the same implicit confidence in and personal attachment to their leaders. Their Captains, Lieutenants, and under officers are to them what the Baron, his standard-bearers, squires, and pages were to their forefathers. This relation is preserved in the army from the men and officers growing up together in the same regiment and becoming known to each other. Officers are rarely shifted from the regiment in which they have begun their service, and regiments are rarely removed, in time of peace, from the province in which they have been originally raised and quartered. The Danish soldier, like the peasant in the days of chivalry, thinks the real battle is but beginning when, in most modern armies, it is considered ending—when the combatants come hand to hand with the bayonet. The firing is looked upon as a mere preliminary, however destructive; and at the battle of Idstedt, and again at the siege of Frederikstadt, the Danes slackened and even ceased firing on command—a manoeuvre in the face of an enemy, and in the heat of an engagement, which few troops of the most highly disciplined armies would have the coolness to practise, or their commanders the confidence in their men to venture upon. But the implicit confidence of the Danish soldiery in their leaders, and of the leaders in their men, and their military intelligence and submission to orders, seem innate. Their ideas of warfare are formed on the tales and ballads of the times of chivalry, when personal combats decided battles; and this, united to their military intelligence and submission to discipline, make the Danish infantry second only to our own. Their enthusiasm is fed by the popular songs and traditionary stories of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which no country is so rich as Denmark. Waldemar Seir (the victorious), his good Queen, Dagmar; the wars in the unhappy times of his sons, and of Eric of Pomerania, and his gallant Queen, Philippa, the sister of our Henry V.; and the ex-

* The Rune stones in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway are of great interest and importance, as affording irrefragable proofs of the same language having prevailed throughout the three northern kingdoms during the early period of their history. One such stone, bearing an inscription in the old Danish tongue, and found a little south of the ancient Dannewerk, in Schleswig, might be adduced to settle the vexed question of the nationality of the duchy, for which Danes and Germans are disputing.

exploits of the knight Ebbesen, and his battles against the Holstein Count Gerth, are household literature among the Danish peasantry, and, as far as literature can do so, have formed the character of the people. The Danish soldiers are men of the fifteenth century led by officers of the nineteenth.

The Danish service was formerly notorious for the barbarity of its discipline, which was a copy of the code established in the Prussian service by that mad connoisseur in soldiers Frederick William I., and continued, with but few modifications, by the philosophical martinet, his son and successor, the Great Frederick. The slightest error in observing the most absurd regulations in dress and drill incurred severe corporal punishment. The case of the under officer was incessantly at work on the shoulders of the wretched private. An instance is recorded of a Lieutenant in a Jutland regiment, when drilling a squad of recruits, being seen inflicting punishment with the cane on the back of one of them, while his under officer held the culprit's pigtail on one side that it might not be damaged by the blows. It was not uncommon in those days for the men to sit up all night previous to a grand review to tie their queues, powder their hair, and save it from being deranged by lying down, as the slightest derangement or want of uniformity in pigtails or sidelocks brought down severe punishment. Suicide was frequent; and officers, as well as men, were brutalised by the cruelties they had to witness, indolent, and suffer. The late King Christian VIII. abolished entirely, and at once, the infliction of corporal punishment at the discretion of officers and under officers. The minor military transgressions could only be punished by arrest, extra duty, and such penalties as are now adopted in our service. The officers of the old school of Prussian discipline and dress, the martinet of the parade-ground, as a matter of course predicted the entire ruin of their well-drilled, well-cudgelled little army by these innovations. The men were no longer enlisted for life. They served only three years, after which those who wished to become under officers served two years in a military school, and three years afterwards as under officers; and eight years concluded their term of military service, unless they chose to re-engage. The clothing, equipment, and drill were simplified, and the Danish soldier is now scarcely distinguishable from the soldier of the German armies.

The under officers in the Danish service appear to stand on a higher footing than the non-commissioned officers in the British. They are appointed in the same way, by the recommendation of the Captain of the company, and are selected from the soldiers of three years' service. On their appointment they are sent for two years to the military academy, where they are instructed in various branches of knowledge connected with military duty, which they could not be taught so well with their regiments. Outpost and patrol duties, and all that depends upon the military intelligence and eye of the under officer, was done in a more satisfactory manner in the Danish than in the insurgent army in the war of 1849-50. The latter was under great disadvantage in the field from want of experienced or instructed under officers and officers who understood and had the confidence of the men. The defeat of the insurgent army is attributed to this want by the German officers who have written on the war. The Danish non-commissioned officers have the moral weight of a better educated class, as well as that of their military rank, among the men.

The Danish officers are highly educated, gentlemanly men, superior in tastes and acquirements to the majority of our officers, the result of their excellent training and course of study.* They are all bred, from a very early age, at the Military Academy of Copenhagen, in which the languages and literature of other countries as well as of their own, and all the mathematical and other sciences connected with their profession, are very carefully taught; and they undergo very strict examinations before they pass as cadets. They then join a regiment as privates in the ranks, rise to be under-officers, in which rank they may remain for two or three years, and are appointed Second Lieutenants afterwards, and rise by seniority in regimental rank. It might be expected that the slow promotion by seniority would tend to fill the army with officers too old for their work, with subalterns of forty and captains of fifty years of age. Captains and subalterns, both in the cavalry and infantry, are, however, as a general rule, as young men for their rank as officers in our service. The military officers are often provided for, after long and meritorious service, by appointments in the Customs or the Forest Department. The subaltern officer is not allowed to marry unless he can prove that, besides his pay, he and his intended wife have an income of 600 dollars,† and he must also insure his life to the extent that his widow may enjoy an annuity equivalent to his pay. The pay is small: about 400 dollars yearly is the pay of a Lieutenant; but on active service the officer has a field allowance, and living is very moderate. It is not merely the cheapness of provisions, but the simple habits of living, that make one country less expensive than another. The officer in Denmark maintains his station in society on his small pay, and is, in manners, appearance, education, and all gentlemanly accomplishments and feelings, equal to the best of our own regimental officers, and very superior to the many ignorant, undeveloped youths who formerly joined our regiments without any preparatory education or examination.

Denmark possesses an area of 22,020 square statute miles, and a population, including the duchies, of 2,605,024 (according to Census of 1860). The average strength of the army present in the ranks at one time, on the peace establishment, is 3445. On the war establishment the strength of the army is 57,042. The army is divided into Life Guards—infantry and cavalry; Line—infantry and cavalry; Artillery, Engineers, and Reserves; and Militia. These grand divisions are again ranked according to the peace and the war establishments. The recruiting is carried on by conscription, which includes all male subjects capable of bearing arms, on attaining the age of twenty-two, and the average number of recruits required annually is about 7500. The proportion exempted or found physically unfit is about 66 per cent, or nearly the same as in France. The term of service is eight years, of which only thirteen months are passed in the ranks in the infantry, twenty-eight in the cavalry, and one in the artillery; the remaining portion of the time being spent on furlough. At the end of the first period of service the men are inscribed on the "first call" of the army of reserve, and at the end of another eight years on the "second call;" the military liability ceases with the forty-fifth year.

Arms of precision have been supplied to all the infantry. The distinction of chasseurs was previously abolished, and the five rifle regiments became part of the line, and all are now drilled and armed alike. It was the want of riflemen and skirmishers that told most against the Danes in their encounters with the Prussians and Schleswig-Holsteiners in the last war. It was to this want that the Danish General Krogh attributed, in his report, the severe loss sustained by his troops in the hard-fought, and, for the Danes, glorious battle of Idstedt. The Prussians and their allies, the insurgents, were armed with the fusillade, or Prussian needle-gun, against whose deadly precision and long range, in the hands of well-drilled skirmishers, the old firelocks of the Danes, and even shelling at short ranges, were of no avail.

The artillery of the Danish army is said to be excellent, and ball practice with artillery is even a favourite amusement on summer evenings with the citizens of Copenhagen. In the Danish dominions the inhabitants of the great towns are exempt from the conscription of the landwehr, or general military service, but they furnish battalions of burgher militia (borgogarde), which do military duty in the respective towns in the absence of the regular troops, and elect their own officers, up to captains inclusive, and are clothed

and equipped at the expense of the Corporations. They are a kind of volunteer force, but liable to serve, in the event of an invasion, like other troops, and then they receive pay, subsistence, and quarters, according to their rank, like the officers and men of the regular army.

The artillery of the city of Copenhagen was called out in the last war, and the "shoemaker's brigade," as it was called by the soldiers, from its captain being a respectable tradesman of that craft, an amateur artilleryist, was well served and as effective in the field during the three years the war lasted as any brigade of guns in the army. In the Schleswig-Holstein war the Danes made use of long pieces called springals as a kind of portable artillery, which were supported on legs like the stand of a telescope, and were carried by the soldiers. The Danish artillery is now supplied with rifled guns. A battery is composed of 8 guns, 33 carriages, 381 horses, and 346 officers, under officers, and men. In this equipment the "reserve ammunition-train," attached to each battery, includes all forge and store waggons.

Denmark furnishes part of the 10th Corps d'Armée of the Germanic Confederation, by virtue of its connection with the duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg. The troops of the contingent are levied in the duchies, and form part of the first division of the 10th Corps. The principal contingent is composed of 4 battalions of infantry, 1 regiment of dragoons, 1 battery of six-pounders, 1 reserve park of artillery, 1 siege-train, and 1 pontoon-train, with its material—amounting in all to 4000 men.

The reserve contingent is composed of 1 battalion of infantry; 1 squadron of cavalry, of 172 men; 2 six-pounder guns, with 75 men; and 41 pontoons—in all, 1833 men.

The Ersatz contingent is composed of 532 infantry—86 cavalry, 43 artillery, and 6 pontoons—in all, 667 men, with a grand total of 6000 men.

ADMINISTRATION.

The King is the supreme head of the army. The administration is confided to a war minister, who is also the president of a consultative board, composed of six military officers of high rank. Subordinate to this ministry are a director-general, a chief intendant, a revisor-general, and a military auditor-general.

DECORATIONS, ETC.

The Order of the Dannebrog is one of the most ancient in Europe, and is dated back by some writers to a fabulous period. It is, however, attributed generally to Waldemar II., 1219; and, after having fallen into abeyance for some time, it was restored by Christian V., on the 1st of December, 1693. The Order of the Elephant was founded by Christian I., 1462, and restored by Christian V. at the same time as the Dannebrog. The ribbon of the Dannebrog is white with a red border, and a cross is suspended from the ribbon which is worn from left to right. An elephant of silver enamelled, with a castle on its back, suspended by a gold chain, are the insignia of the second order. Besides these orders there is a medal granted for the Schleswig-Holstein war.

FINANCES.

According to the Budget for the financial period of 1st of April, 1860 to 1st of April, 1862, the revenue for the two years was £3,742,803; the expenditure, £3,831,365; and the consequent deficit, £88,562. The increase in the expenditure over ordinary years has been owing entirely to the threatening attitude of Germany with regard to the Schleswig-Holstein question. The cost of the army for the year ending March 31, 1861, was about £470,000. In 1858 it was £510,535. For the last two years it has, doubtless, been on the increase, on account of the preparations to resist the threatened federal execution. The public debt on the 31st of March, 1861, amounted to £11,274,472.

THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

3 A.M.—BLUDJON THE BURGLAR.

CHAPTER CLXXXI.

LIGHT as a snowflake in the howling blast the cart, with its high wheels and spindle spokes, sped along the dark highway leading to Ilford. Like snowflakes, also, was the foam which the fleet horse blew from its gallant nostrils, flecking its glossy chest and glimmering in the sheen of the fiftal gaslamps, like a necklace of eastern pearls on the chest of one of Britain's high-born dames. It was a mare, dark chestnut, and rising fifteen hands, with the eye of a hawk and auburn fetlocks. Does the reader recognise her? Did he, as he leisurely cantered down the Row, ever meet her—Gherkin by name, and the horse of horseflesh? Ha! ha! we will wager he never did. Still he may have seen her. If it has happened one night, at his villa residence at Hamestead or Olapham, that he has been roused from his midnight slumbers by a sound as of creaking bolts or breaking glass, followed by retreating footsteps over the garden gravel-path; if he has heard these sounds and peered from his chamber window into the darkness, and has seen gingerly emerging from the shadow of his garden wall, a cart—a light cart drawn by a chestnut mare, that mare was Gherkin! But let us not anticipate. We have related how that the light cart sped along the dark highway, leading to Ilford, like a snowflake sporting in the howling blast, and how it came to do so, but we have yet to describe the occupants.

There were but two of them—but two; and yet the body of the vehicle sat squat on the springs! But two—a spare young man, with a close-fitting skullcap with no lappets; and a tall and seemingly elderly female, in a great dark cloak and a bonnet additionally secured to her head by a handkerchief cast over it and made fast beneath her chin. Who was she? Was she a farmer's wife returning from London with her purchases? Were they her purchases stowed away under the sacks at the bottom of the cart? What is its nature? Is it grocery? Is it greenstuff? Is it butcher's meat? Neither; for it is alive! The sacks heave convulsively; it is human, and talking to itself or to somebody else; for from beneath the sacks there issues a muffled mingling of voices. The old woman on the driving-seat hears them, and, turning her head, whispers cautiously from behind her hand.

"Whist! burke your gam! We're close to Ilford ekep etag!" "Mum it is," was uttered from beneath the sacks; and a moment after Gherkin pulled up at the turnpike-gate, and, having paid the necessary threepence, the slim young man chirped to Gherkin, who at once resumed the rattling pace.

"Take care of that little doccymint, lke," observed the old woman, in allusion to the turnpike-ticket; "whether the drum pays for bustin' or whether it don't, we shan't have no time to argy matters with the epik nam comin' back!"

"That's cos you're such a dunce at drumming, I s'pose!" grinned the driver. "It ain't often you tries it, Bludgy, without somebody is made to yap the rep!"

"Bludgy can do without your flos paos!" growled the seeming old woman, bluntly. "You take the second narrer turnin' to the left and pull in gentle under the trees agin the palins; that's all as you've got to do."

Responding to this observation by a covert glance full of pent-up hatred, the young Hebrew savagely lashed Gherkin, and in less than a twinkling the spot indicated was gained, and the vehicle was brought to a standstill.

And now we will release the reader from that torturing suspense which, however painful to bear, was necessary to the proper development of this Romance of Real Life. Leaping with the agility of "the galled jade whose withers are unwrung" from the cart-seat to the soft turf which edged the road, the individual addressed as "Bludgy" whisked off his disguise—the cloak and bonnet—and revealed his true person, that of Bludjon, the renowned burglar whose daring adventures and dashing exploits, had they been performed by some pampered lord instead of by one of humble birth, had they been clipped and shorn of their soaring pinions, which enabled them to set at defiance the stiff-hedged ways of what cowards acknowledge as "law," and ate the pie of humbleness in the droning workshop or the hateful loom, where palefaced men, chained to iron

* Pike gate. It may be as well to remind the reader ignorant of the flash tongue, that it may be rendered into English by the simple process of reading the words backwards.

fortune by what glossy-coated, paunchy liars insist is "the best policy," then would the—but we digress.

To return to our hero.

"Out you tumble, my snippin'," whispered he, giving the panel of the light cart a rap with his knuckles; and, obedient to his command, there emerged from beneath the sacks a couple of as pretty boys as ever swung at Tyburn. They were men of the true Sheppard pattern. None of your semi-honest, hang-dog sort, but the true breed—clear-headed, neat-handed, cool as a crowbar and tough as farriers' nails. The great Dick himself might have been proud to grip a dipper with either Mugstone Jack or Jerry the Diver.

"Got the gab with the sloot?" asked Bludjon.

"Here it is, Captain," replied Mugstone; "and here is the glim and the stib of eparc."

"Then wolof em," said Captain Bludjon; "and you, lke, attend to the tit—shove her nosebag on. My beautiful mare! my faithful Gherkin!" continued the bold fellow, embracing the splendid creature, while her quivering eyelids showed that there existed between them "a stronger tie than victuals can establish."

"Dear old comrade, once more are you I and in league against our stern oppressors! But, by yon black night, we will baulk them yet. The hemp is not yet sown which shall make halters for Bludjon the burglar and his faithful Gherkin!"

"Emit seilf, Captain," hinted Jerry.

Stanching his emotion with one dash of his hand, Bludjon leapt the garden wall, beckoning his comrades to follow. With the stealth of panthers they trod the trim path and halted at the back kitchen window.

"How is it denetsaf?" asked Mugstone, cautiously untying the tool-bag.

"My assim, who was at this very spot last week with secal and snibbo, put me up to that," grinned Bludjon; and, selecting a small instrument of exquisite workmanship from the bag, he applied it to the saab, and in another instant the brave fellows were in the back kitchen.

"Hist! what was that?" exclaimed Mugstone, at the same instant drawing his choise-taster and a six-barrelled revolver. But the sound which had alarmed him was an innocent one, and followed by two others equally innocent—it was the kitchen clock striking three!

"To business," said Bludjon. "As you already know, the swag is under the deb, where the llews and his efiv sleep; therefore we must be careful. Let us take off our stoob. You, Mugstone, carry the gab; and you, Jerry, take the glim; I lead the way and ecrof the kool. Look to your barkers, boys; but, mind, no bloodshed. Thief as he is, garroter, bully, yet Conky Bludjon never yet spilt blood. Heed me, Mugstone, and you, Diver, dare to spill the blood either of the llews or his efiv, and we part for ever."

"But, suppose they tuo pu hguor," grumbled Mugstone.

Bludjon made no answer; but, smiling significantly, grasped his pistol by the barrel and brought down its heavy butt-end on his palm.

Leaving their boots on the mat in the passage, our three jolly night-birds trod softly up the stairs—softly and harmoniously—the wary captain marking the time with his raised forefinger. Arrived at the second landing, Bludjon raised his hand and pointed to a door; whereon his well-trained comrades came to a standstill, and, with their barkers cocked and in their hands, stood ready for action.

The bedroom door was locked. Ha! ha! What impediment was that to one whose facetious boast it was that he could relieve a jaw-latched weasel without disturbing its slumbers! A slight rustling, a creak not louder than the squeak of a mouse, and the trick was done.

No more talk—not the slightest whisper; nor was it needful among such clover craftsmen. With a step resolute and firm Diver and Mugstone entered the sleeping chamber, and stationed themselves one on each side of the luxuriously draped four poster, pistol in hand.

Meanwhile, Bludjon was not idle. Crawling on his hands and knees he groped under the bed, and, with as much ease as though he had himself placed it there, placed his hand on the strong box. It was a heavy box, for its owner, Lord Hummingtop (third cousin, be it borne in mind, to the merciless Judge who had revoked the ticket of Bludjon's youngest brother), was an eccentric man, and since the failure of the British Bank had gathered in his vast possessions and placed them under lock and key.

So heavy was this precious receptacle that, despite all Bludjon's care as he attempted to drag it out, it scrooped along the floor, and as though a cord had connected it with his Lordship's sordid brain, he sprang bolt upright with a suddenness that made Mugstone's pistol click.

"Mur!"

"der!"

It was her Ladyship who finished Lord Hummingtop's startled exclamation, as with a little shriek she sprang up and assumed a sitting posture.

"Not a word—not a breath!" hissed Mugstone in a hoarse whisper, covering one of his Lordship's affrighted eyeballs with the glistening barrel of his trusty barker. "As much as open your lips, and your heart's blood dyes the counterpane!"

In equally workmanlike manner did the Diver tackle his customer, who, with her pearly teeth chattering with affright, glared upon the barrel of Jerry's barker, as though she therein read her destiny. While this was going on, the doughty Bludjon was busy; he had dragged out the strong box, forced its massy fastenings, and was selecting its contents as coolly as though it had been his own clothes-box, and he was at home at his lodgings in the Mint.

"One—little—word—pardon me!" whined the craven Lord.

"Hah!" exclaimed Mugstone, fiercely. "Another syllable, and I'll!"

"Let his pihadrol speak," said Bludjon, looking up from his task and regarding Lord Hummingtop with calm politeness. "What's the matter, guvner?"

In a voice trembling with what we will charitably ascribe to emotion, his Lordship replied,

"In the left-hand corner of that receptacle, just under the biggest bundle of Bank of England notes, is a little silver mug, from which an infant sister, long deceased, quaffed the innocent drinks of childhood. Spare it, I conjure you! Take my plate, my ready money, the tithe-deeds of my princely estates; but, oh! spare that little mug, and I will bless you!"

As his Lordship—the catlike cousin to a prejudiced Judge—spoke, the calm politeness faded from Bludjon's expressive eye, and his aspect became terrible as the jungle-tiger robbed of her cubs. "And would you prate to me of your puling sister?" replied he, hoarsely. "Listen, Lord Hummingtop. I have a brother—a comely youth, and barely turned of eighteen; the prop of his father's grey head—the apple of his mother's eye! Where is that brother? Who sent him there? Ha! ha! now it is my turn to triumph! See, my Lord, see how I reply to your appeal!" And, taking the silver bauble between his massive jaws, the dauntless Bludjon cracked it like a crabapple.

With a howl of frantic rage, Lady Hummingtop sprang from her couch.

J. G.

(To be concluded in our last.)

3 P.M.—SHOPPING IN OXFORD-STREET.

Shortly after the return of our troops from the glorious campaign of the Crimea—that most magnificent flash-in-the-pan, and "nasctur ridiculus Rus" war which decorates our history with laurels thicker and greener than any church at Christmas time—while the beards and bronzed skins of our warriors were yet the admiration of the metropolis, and no evening party was considered perfect and fashionable unless a sunbaked hero were present; in those days of renown Barry O'Claver, being full of wine, began to brag of what he had done and could do, entertaining his friends at the Reform with vivid pictures of his prodigies of valour, when Luke Dove, Esq., of Manchester, a gentlemanly and pulmonic man of peace, offered to bet ten pounds to a bad shilling that he could mention one daring action which the slashing Captain, fire-eater as he was, would not have intrasidly

* This reproach is to our own Army, happily, becoming more and more daily a thing of the past.

† The Danish dollar is equal to about 2s. 2½d. of our money.

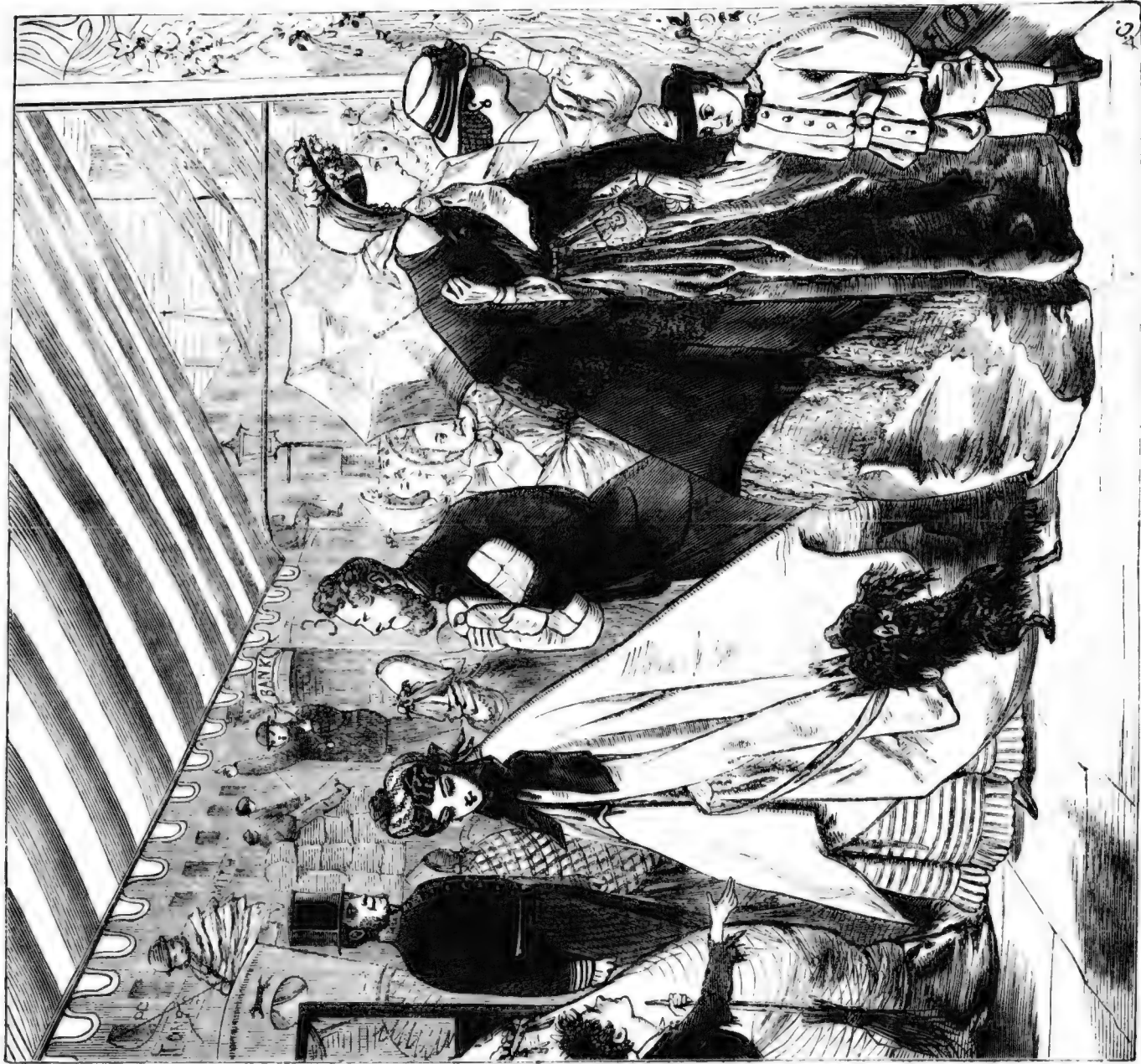
‡ The population of the duchies amounted, in 1860, to 1,004,473; of which Schleswig had 409,907; Holstein, 544,419; and Lauenburg, 50,147. The annual increase of population in the whole kingdom is about 1 per cent. On the 1st of February, 1861, the total amount of population in the different territories of the kingdom, including Iceland, Faroe Islands, Greenland, and West Indian Islands of Sainte Croix, Saint Thomas, and Saint John, amounted to 2,752,500 souls. The distribution of languages in the duchy of Schleswig is as follows:—Platt Deutsch, 146,500; Frisian, 33,000; Danish, 135,000; Danish and German, 185,000.



THREE O'CLOCK A.M.: BURGLARS.

enough to perform. The man of peace proposed that the man of war should enter one of our largest luckless emporiums, and, walking up to the busiest counter, request, in a loud voice, to be shown the last thing out in crinolines. Though heavily in debt, Barry O'Claver declined the wager, and has ever since hated the man whose demon mind could imagine a torture so refined.

Is there in all this world of London a sight more affecting than that of a man entering a linendraper's shop? I have seen the wretches at Bow-street Station dart across the pavement, and, without hazarding even one glance at the mob, dive out of sight into the prison van; I have formed one of the crowd in Curator-street when the seized debtor has been transferred from the cab to Mr. Sloman's hospitable cage; I have witnessed the "Stop Thief!" of the mean prig who had waylaid and robbed the little children sent for pennorths to the chandler's shop; but never have I beheld any expression so thoroughly dejected and helpless as that which deadens the countenance of the unhappy man who sneaks after his wife through the swing-doors of the



THREE O'CLOCK P.M.: SHOPPING IN OXFORD-STREET.

just to test her lord and master's generosity; but she and the "young man" will so manage the business that the martyr will be ashamed to refuse. He will sit wriggling on a cane stool not larger than a cheese-plate—poor support for one in his uncomfortable position—and try to look as if money were no object, and as if he liked making expensive presents. But when at last those beautifully-soothing words, "Nothing else to-day, thank you," have been spoken; when the bill has been calculated, and handed to the nearest "assistant," to see what he thinks of the counting; when the cashier has brought back the change out of the cheque, then will the victim spring from his cheese-plate and look the picture of the liberated slave with the chains dropping away. As he sniffs the delicious street air he turns fiercely upon dear Martha. "What on earth did you mean by buying all those confounded things?" he asks. With a look of injured and astonished innocence she replies, "Now, my dearest love, pray be reasonable. Didn't I appeal to you every time?" "I never heard of such a thing! Appeal to me," he howls; "what was the use of appealing to me? What could I do or

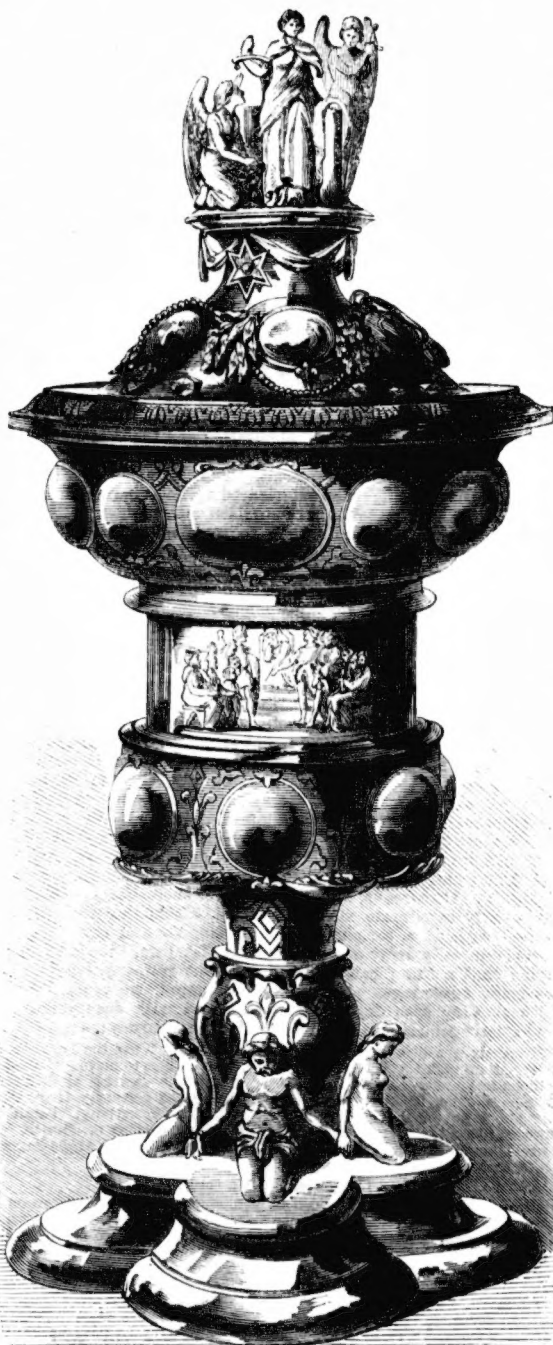
say with all those jabbering jackanapes' looking on? Nonsense: you knew it!" Then the lady is pained to the quick, and, in a voice brilliant and rapid from emotion, exclaims, "I will not be accused of extravagance for nothing, John! I insist upon your going back to the shop and telling them you will not have these things! No John, dear, you shall never say that I am guilty of extravagance. So cruel, and so thoroughly uncalculated for!" After this John retires into the sulks and refuses to be comforted until dinner is over and the port wine trickles into his hard, cold heart, when, just as his cheeks begin to flush, the parcel is adroitly opened, and whilst the lady "buys her bargains o'er again," John is blessed for "a dear, generous darling;" and all is forgiven, and in a month or two forgotten. But if poor men look such miserable objects when out shopping, how excessively well the women appear under its exciting influence! With some poor creatures the popping in and out of linendraper's shops has grown into a morbid passion beyond control, and a thousand stories have been told me of this intoxicating indulgence. A gentleman in the employ of Messrs. Civil and Cross (made-up shirts department) related to me

that for years their establishment was pestered by a very lively creature who would spend the entire afternoon examining the most recherche assortment, keeping two or three of the establishment on the perpetual trot, and invariably terminated her sport by saying that she had "not quite made up her mind about the dress, but would take a penny packet of the best patent-eyed needles." Another gentleman, holding an appointment under Messrs. Worn and Headgear, informed me that one of their *clientelle*, the wife of a renowned general practitioner in the neighbourhood, was such a fearful martyr to kleptomania that she would steal anything upon which she could lay her hands, filling her pockets like any clown in a pantomime, and even attempting to conceal under her shawl rolls of flannel fatter than cannon; but, in the hope of eventually restoring this interesting sufferer to reason by a mild gratification of her evil propensities, an arrangement had been entered into with the firm for taking back all the stolen goods at a considerable discount; and that this idea had answered so well that several eminent physicians approved of it, and invariably recommend their shoplifting patients to undergo the curative process at their establishment. To this day, nineteen highly-respectable ladies and a retired dancing-master are entered as patients on their books, and keep the "slightly soiled" department in constant activity.

Considered as a street, Oxford-street is decidedly not an attractive thoroughfare. It is a useful omnibus and cab route, but not a pretty lounge for a delicate-minded idler saturated with elevated theories of the beautiful. At the Tottenham-court-road end the smell of brewing, though said to be wholesome, is apt to weary the most stubborn nostril when unvaried by other perfumes; and the sixpenny "correct-likeness" artists and the penny-ice Italians have put to flight every *flammeur* of sentiment; for the sight of the smudge fog-to-graphs and those dreadfully unnaturally crimson-and-white dummy plaster ices, to say nothing of waggons laden with steaming grains, is enough to disgust one with civilisation, the fine arts, and milkwalks. Neither, I must candidly confess, do I admire those wonderful little drapers' shops where iron-wire crinolines and pendants of cheap cottons at 2s. the dress float about the brickwork; and, fanciful as the idea may be, it is, as a decoration, unsuccessful; as an advertisement, vulgar; and, as a display of female attire, indelicate. Indeed, I consider that Oxford-street only begins to know how to behave itself about Berners-street; and thence, as far as the Circus, it is decidedly amusing. But beyond that long crossing, where so many poor women are every day frightened to death by the wicked omnibus-drivers, the thoroughfare relapses into a sad, deadly-lively, struggling respectability which, near to the Marble Arch, is heart-rending, as though it were ashamed of its struggling shops and had taken to letting lodgings. Oxford-street is too long. It has weakened itself by overgrowth. But, like a shoulder of mutton, there is just one part which everybody enjoys; I refer to the middle cut, between Berners street and the Circus.

Here are, my friends, shops which, as sugar casks draw flies, attract the pretty women of London and keep them buzzing about the sweet silks and tasty ribbons hung up behind the plate-glass. To look at the shops is one of the necessities of female life. They make up parties to go out and see "what is being worn." Girls in the country write to friends in town and beg for descriptions of the mercers' windows. A friend of mine in the country had a wife, a pretty, interesting creature, who was quite thrown away upon the man, and she, poor thing, was seized with melancholia, and nothing seemed to do her good; music and boiled chicken didn't cheer her; whilst and calves-foot jelly made her worse; and reading and Iceland moss gave her the creeps. The doctors were puzzled, and one after another declared that medicine was useless, and she must die unless some new means could be discovered for keeping her alive. In a paroxysm of marital devotion her husband, on bended knees, implored her to confide in him and think of something she would like. It required a struggle before she could speak, and at last the interesting sufferer confessed that "a good look at the shops might do her good." The sweet invalid had actually been pining away for want of a glimpse at those ready-made skirts at three guineas the robe, those cashmere and real Indian shawls, and the other fallals in the mantle way. Nineteen yards at five and eight restored her mind to its proper balance.

Oxford-street is a good street for watching the women out shopping, because the shops are close together and the display in the windows is so enormous that the emotions peculiar to the amiable sex are quickly aroused. There is the artificial-flower shop, where the girls invited to parties go for their wreaths. How on



SILVER CUP, DESIGNED BY D. MACLISE, R.A., RECENTLY PRESENTED TO HENRY SUMNER MAINE, ESQ., IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS OF THE SWINEY BEQUEST.

tingue." The discussions as to making-up have also their interest, the question of with or without flounces or a double skirt rarely meeting with opposition or leading to angry feeling. About three o'clock on a sun-bright day, when the awnings are lowered and the broughams draw up, and delicate beauties, who haven't "a thing fit to wear," step forth, dressed to the extremest extent of fancy millinery, and lounge into the shops to see if there is anything that will tempt them—that is the right time for enjoying Oxford-street; for then it is in its full swing of business, and you may see more pretty faces in one hour than you would meet with in any other country in a six-months' voyage of discovery. A. M.

THE SWINEY MEMORIAL CUP.

ABOUT the year 1842 George Swiney, M.D., died, leaving by will to the British Museum and the Society of Arts the sum of £10,000, in trust, in equal parts, for the establishment by the British Museum of a lectureship on natural history, and lectures are now regularly delivered under that trust; and to the Society of Arts, to award, on every fifth anniversary of his death, a prize for the best published work on jurisprudence—the prize to consist of a silver goblet, value £100, and containing gold coin of a like value. This prize has been since regularly awarded by the Society of Arts, in conformity with Dr. Swiney's will; and the cup, of which the accompanying Engraving is a representation, is commonly known as "The Swiney Cup." The prize was awarded on the 20th of January last, in favour of Henry Sumner Maine, Esq., D.C.L., late Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge, and now member of the Legislative Council of India, for his work on jurisprudence, entitled "Ancient Law." The cup has been executed by Messrs. Garrard, from a design, made expressly for the society, by Daniel MacLise, Esq., R.A.

ST. SPIRIDION.

THAT remarkable people—the people of the Ionian Islands—about the end of December last made a great stir about the destruction of the fortifications of Corfu, and Mr. Gladstone was the object of popular execration; but he is used to that, and, probably, cares little for it. The Government has, most likely, good reasons for the measure. It would take six weeks to dismount and embark the seventy-two guns now in position, and six weeks more to ship them. To land and to mount them would, of course, take a longer time; but so great is the fuss which has been made about the razing of the fortifications that a priest has informed devout believers that their favourite saint, Spiridion, dressed in full canonicals, has visited Queen Victoria in a dream, and asked her Majesty if it was her intention to destroy his house. Her Majesty having replied in the affirmative, the unchivalric saint gave her a box on each ear and then vanished.

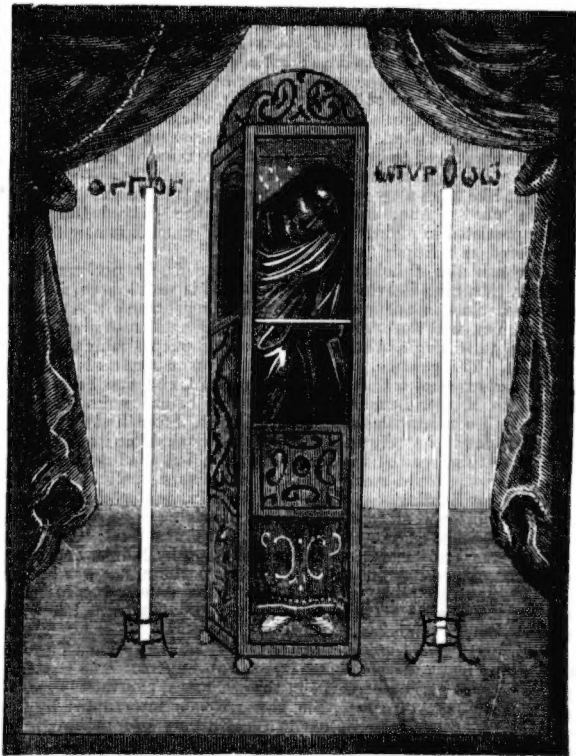
St. Spiridion is the most powerful saint in the calendar, according to his devotees. He was not only a saint, but a martyr. This remarkable Bishop of Cyprus and his remains were deposited in their present resting-place after the conquest of Constantinople by the Ottomans in 1453. Some time ago the body, silver coffin and all, was purchased by the Counts Bulgari, who profit by it to the extent of about £2300 a year by offerings and the like. On anniversaries and solemn occasions the relic is paraded round the town under a canopy carried by the chief officers of State, and salutes are fired in its honour. He is a wonderful saint in Spyro, and gets out of his coffin at night and walks into the country for the purpose of blessing the crops and otherwise encouraging the harvest; and, in proof of his paternal anxiety and peripatetic exertion, his worn-out shoes are exhibited to the faithful, and zealous ladies are even permitted to make new ones for him. Nor is there any waste in this, for the old shoes are sold by the priests at a high price, the fortunate possessors believing that no ill can fall upon a house containing a pair of these interesting mementoes. The colour of these aforesaid shoes used to be Imperial purple, but since the cession of the islands they have been ordered to be light blue.

Indiarubber is elastic enough, but not so elastic as human credulity. If the purchase of a pair of old shoes carefully trodden by a monkish foot of the same size as the famous St. Spiridion's make people happy, what stern reasoner would deny them such a lasting pleasure?

Our Engraving of the patron saint of Corfu is taken from a native drawing. The withered body of St. Spiridion is contained in a glass case, and is ordinarily deposited in a brass sarcophagus which rests in the centre of the Saint's shrine in the cathedral.

HOW STRANGERS ARE KIDNAPPED INTO THE FEDERAL ARMY AT NEW YORK.

THERE will be thousands of people who have come from Europe that will never be heard of more by their friends at home. Not a day passes but the poor creatures find themselves in uniforms, with a musket in their hands, and do not know how it was brought about. It has happened to a cashier of a bank; it has happened to



ST. SPIRIDION, THE PATRON SAINT OF CORFU.—(FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.)

several of our best citizens. What chance, then, has a subject of her Majesty, or of any European nation, who arrives here a stranger, and goes to this or that lodging-house? Perhaps the very first night he is made drunk or drugged. He is then searched. If he has money he is robbed of it. He is taken to camp and uniform is put upon him. His captain, landlord, and another divide the robbery, and also get 300 dollars for enlisting him. He does not know what to do; helpless and hopeless, he goes with his regiment to the war, if not frozen to death on Ritter's Island,



PROPOSED DESIGN FOR THE NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.—(SUGGESTED BY TWO WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE LONDON COMMITTEE.)

THE TRIAL OF THE EIGHT FOREIGN SEAMEN concerned in the murder and piracy on board the ship *Flowery Land* commenced at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday. They all pleaded "Not guilty," and elected to be tried by an English jury.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS.
 An Abscess, Erysipelas, Piles.—Unvarying success attends a
 treatment of these diseases according to the simple printed directions
 wrapped in each pot and box. They are in valuable to the young
 and timid, whose bashfulness sometimes endangers life.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, &
 Medicine now in use among all classes of society for Indi-
 gestion, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach Complaints. Prepared only
 by James Cockle, 15, New Orleans-street, and sold by all Medicine
 Vendors, in boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

CORBINNA'S NEW SONG—COO, DOVE.
COO. Written by that celebrated Poetess, JEAN INGELWOLF.
Price 3s.—ROBERT COOKS and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

A CHRISTMAS PASTORALE. "Sleep, Beautiful Babe," by the late Father FABER. Music by WILLIAM SCHULTHEIS, price 3s.—London: DUNCAN DAVISON, 214, Regent-street, W.

THE FIRE BRIGADE GALOP, played with distinguished success at M. Jullien's Concerts, is published, splendidly illustrated, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON, 214, Regent-street, W.

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With Illustrations by J. K. MILLS, R.A., and R. Barnes.

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The Life of a Farm Labourer.
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Anecdote; Opening of Parliament, the East of Shifeshire, &c., in FUN this Week. One Penny. Also, now ready, "Fun" from the commencement, in four volumes, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d. each volume; or in magnificent gilt, 4s. 6d. each volume.
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containing 50 guineas superlative Note Paper, 1000 Envelopes, Pens, Holders, and Blotter. The purchaser's address stamped plain on note paper. No die required. SANDERS, Stationer, 31, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

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PENMAKER TO THE QUEEN, begs to inform the commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making Steel Pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, must ensure universal approbation and defy competition.
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CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS,
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Also, an endless variety of Cheap and Useful Dresses,
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New Winter Glacé Checks,
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Light new coloured Glacés,
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UNDER LINEN FOR FAMILY USE,
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equal to best home-made work,
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TO LADIES.—W. TENT and CO. beg to
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REGENT HOUSE, 238, 240, 242, Regent-
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SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS are
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"The Sommer Tucker is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."
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To be obtained of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale of the Manufacturers, Wm. Smock and Sons, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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MEDAL LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES, with all recent improvements and additions, forming the most perfect Machines for every description of household and manufacturing work. In instruction gratis to every purchaser. Illustrated prospectus gratis, post-free.
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34-inch fine ivory handles ..	18 0	14 0	4 3
4-inch ivory balance handles ..	24 0	18 0	7 3
4-inch fine ivory handles ..	32 0	26 0	11 0
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